

Folio

SB/
W/M

Stuck with a woman preacher (and proud of it!)



By Ken Sehested

You may have heard the latest version of the "walking on water" joke. When the new minister arrived—the first female for this congregation—the

deacons debated whether to carry on the welcoming ritual and take her fishing. There was some disagreement, but in the end tradition prevailed.

As the boats moved out in the predawn darkness, the pastor realized she had not dressed warmly enough for this expedition. She shivered in silence for a time but finally decided this is foolish. Not wanting to be troublesome to her boat mates, she gently stepped out of the boat, walked across the water toward the landing to retrieve an extra wrap and then returned. Everybody watched, wide-eyed, but no one said a thing.

At least, not until the next morning, when several of the grumblers sat sipping coffee at the cafe with friends. The new reverend was the topic of conversation.

"Not only are we stuck with a woman preacher," said one of the men, "but she cain't even swim!"

I, too, am "stuck" with a woman preacher—my pastor wife, Nancy—but delightfully so. And she can swim (though she can't type).

There have been some nasty moments. Several years ago Nancy was greeted with *boos* and *hisses* when she requested the opportunity to speak prior to the vote at the Shelby County Baptist Association meeting which expelled our congregation. She's been disinvented twice from speaking at

Southern Baptist seminaries. The Home Mission Board once withdrew its sponsorship of an ecumenical conference when they discovered her name on the speakers list. A man jumped up and ran down the aisle yelling *Jezebel* during her installation service. And she once got a pornographic photo with a hand-scrawled lewd caption in the mail. (From some of the information included, we suspect that a church member sent it.)

Beloveds, resist the demand that you lower your voice, even if Herod comes hunting.

On one occasion she was asked by distant (and very conservative) relatives of one of our elderly church members who had died to get someone else to do the funeral. One of them asked, "Aunt Emma used to talk a lot about a Rev. Cross. Is he still around...could he do the service?" "Oh, I'd be happy to ask him, Nancy replied, chuckling to herself. "He's retired but I'm sure he would love to do the service." When she returned the next day to finish planning the service, the room full of relatives nearly went into shock when the elderly African American man accompanying her was introduced: "This is Rev. Cross."

Most of the comedy has been of the more garden variety type. Like getting a ticker for parking in a hospital reserved spot because the attendant thinks her "CLERGY" sign on the dashboard is a ruse. Or walking into a ministerial meeting to be partly welcomed, partly interrogated: "And whose wife are you?" Or having Sunday

morning comments on your dress but not your sermon.

Our family lore has an entire genre of panty hose stories. Dressing hurriedly after a baptism, Nancy learned that still-moist legs don't take well to hosiery. And it helps to have female deacons around, too, like when her hose ripped minutes before worship. She grabbed the deacon chair and said, "I need your pantyhose right now."

These comic dimensions of life-with-the-lady-preacher are theologically instructive in unusual ways. The very nature of comedy—the power that pulls our laughter cords—is its surprise-filled ending. Comedy unleashes startling disclosure. All along we thought we knew where this tale was taking us until...whoops...out of nowhere we're astounded with the least expected. Like Sarah, giggling at the

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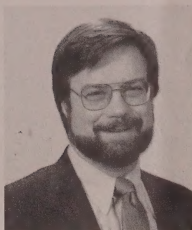


SBWIM name change proposed

Eleanor Harwell, a newly elected SBWIM board member and retired music minister of Jonesboro, GA, made a motion at the annual meeting to recommend to the board that the name of SBWIM be changed to "Baptist Women in Ministry," dropping "southern." Her reasoning is that "southern" is far too limiting a description for the realities of Baptist life today. Harwell said that for her, the identity of a "Southern Baptist" became inappropriate several years ago. She thinks that "Baptist Women in Ministry" would allow us to create a broader vision. The motion was accepted. This means that the SBWIM board is charged with considering the name change. We would like your input. Do you want the name changed? Why or why not? FOLIO can serve as a forum for discussion. Please send your thoughts as a letter to the editor addressed to SBWIM, 2800 Frankfort Avenue, Louisville, KY 40206.

Watts Street celebrates thirtieth anniversary of Addie Davis' ordination

On Sunday, August 7, Watts Street Baptist Church in Durham, North Carolina, will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the ordination of the first woman ordained to ministry by a Southern Baptist church. Addie Davis, ordained by Watts Street in August of 1964, will deliver the sermon in the morning worship service, and communion will be celebrated. Members of the wider Baptist community are invited to join the Watts Street congregation for this time of worship and celebration, and to be our guests at a luncheon to follow the 10:00 a.m. worship service. For more information, contact Sandra Hack Polaski at (919) 382-3177.



Because it is right

by David Waugh

I wonder why doing the right thing in regard to women in ministry continues to be a struggle for me. While I do not feel compelled to offer unqualified support to every man's call, why do I not feel the same freedom with women? While I relate to some men in a competitive fashion, why is it that to do so with a woman can be interpreted as being threatened by women in leadership? While my dialogue with some men never moves beyond superficial banter, why is it that to relate at a level of deep intimacy with a woman becomes tainted with sexual overtones in others' minds? This is not easy.

Compounding the quandary are my own issues of sexuality. This is not unique to me, for both men and women have to wrestle with their sexual identity in their vocations. However, knowing the unhealthy nature of some of my relationships with women in my personal development of sexual awareness is painful. Inviting women to share the roles of my vocational identity, I grant further acknowledgment of their right to call me to repentance and to hold me accountable for the giving and receiving of appropriate respect in the area of sexuality. This is not comfortable.

During my undergraduate years, Dr. Phyllis Tribble one day asked me why a friend was absent from class. Seeking to be clever, I responded, "Am I my brother's keeper?" To which she replied, "Yes, and your sister's as well. Tomorrow you will lead us in a discussion on the practical implications of that passage!" I soon discovered that I must become active in my sisters' struggle for equality—an advocate wounded by my own culpability in the injustices which they experience. I learned that indeed I am my sisters' and brothers' keeper—not as one keeping in a cage that which one cannot control, but as one accountable before God for encouraging and enabling (when appropriate) all others to achieve their God-given potential. To do less makes me a thief of my sisters' lives and a denier of my own call. The struggle for equality is right.

Along the way, I have found the blessing and call of God upon women celebrated in the Bible and confirmed in the lives of women who have ministered to me. You are God's ministers—my mother, my wife, my daughters, my sisters. You have shown me the Christ. Even if ecclesiastical bestowers of hands-on-heads have refused to recognize you, you are called of God. On my pilgrimage of faith, God has convinced me that encouraging and supporting women in ministry is the right thing to do. So I slipped into the struggle—not because it is easy, or comfortable, but because it is right. Because of the struggle, I believe that I am becoming a better man.

David Waugh is the pastor of Metro Baptist Church in New York, New York.



Editor: Amanda Hiley

FOLIO is also prepared by Nancy Morgan, Sally Smith and Don Polaski. FOLIO is printed on recycled paper.

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The Board of Directors of Southern Baptist Women in Ministry includes Carolyn Cole Buey, McLean, VA; Eileen Campbell-Reed, Louisville, KY; Carolyn Weatherford Crumpler, Cincinnati, OH; Kathy Manis Findley, Little Rock, AR; Rebecca Gurney, Houston, TX; Eleanor Harwell, Jonesboro, GA; Sharon Kirkpatrick, Arlington, TX; Laura Ingram Lemley, Louisville, KY; Amy Mears, Pt. Pleasant, WV; Beth Link McConnell, Columbia, SC; Donna McConnico, Montgomery, AL;

Betty Winstead McGary, Beaumont, TX; Natalie Nicholas, Newnan, GA; Karrie Oertli, Fort Worth, TX; Ann Redmond, Fort Worth, TX; Howard Roberts, Auburn, AL; Joy Steincross, Liberty, MO; Ronda Stewart-Wilcox, Richmond, VA; Clarissa Strickland, Atlanta, GA; Patti Sunday-Winters, Suffolk, VA; Oliver Thomas, Maryville, TN; Ann Tucker, Garland, TX; Winnie Vaughn Williams, Columbia, SC; Mary Zimmer, Louisville, KY.

Ex-officio members include Hardy Clemons, Greenville, SC; Dellanna O'Brien, Birmingham, AL; Nancy Hastings Sehested, Memphis, TN.

Officers, board members elected at annual meeting

Officers and eight new board members were elected at the annual meeting in May, and board members whose terms had expired were recognized for their service to SBWIM.

May Zimmer of Louisville, KY, will serve as president, and Kathy Manis Findley of Little Rock, AR, will be vice-president. Beth Link McConnell of Columbia, SC, is recorder and Ronda Stewart-Wilcox of Richmond, KY, will continue as treasurer. Winnie Williams of Columbia, SC, will be membership chair.

Patti Sunday-Winters of Suffix, VA, formerly minister of missions at Millbrook Baptist Church in North Carolina and Howard Roberts, pastor of First Baptist Church, Auburn, AL, were both elected to the board.

Eileen Campbell-Reed, a free-lance writer in Louisville, KY, and Amy Mears of Point Pleasant, WV, a Ph.D. candidate in preaching at Southern Seminary will also serve three year terms.

Also elected were Eleanor Harwell, retired music minister of Jonesboro, GA; Ann Shelton Tucker, laywoman from Garland, TX; and Bonnie White, retired church musician and minister's wife from Louisville, KY.

Oliver Thomas of Maryville, TN, formerly general counsel to the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs and current special counsel for the National Council of Churches, will also serve on the board.

News Briefs

SBWIM Board kicks off Addie Davis Offering

The SBWIM board of directors voted to continue a special offering emphasis, but change the name of the offering to the "Addie Davis Offering." Last year's Decade Celebration Offering generated over \$5000, and it gave people the opportunity to honor women whose ministry influenced their lives. The Addie Davis Offering will continue to support SBWIM and honor women in ministry. It is named for the first woman ordained to ministry by a Southern Baptist church. This is the thirtieth anniversary of that first step for women in ministry. The offering is an opportunity to honor Addie Davis and other women in ministry who have been pioneers and mentors. See p. 7.

Judson Press publishes book of sermons by Southern Baptist women

Judson Press will publish a collection of sermons by Southern Baptist women in ministry. The collection contains the first six sermons preached at each of the annual SBWIM meetings. The title is *Costly Obedience: Women of Steadfast Spirit*, and it was edited by Libby Bellinger, former SBWIM president. It will be available this summer.



New officers: Beth McConnell, recorder; Kathy Findley, vice-president; Mary Zimmer, president; Ronda Stewart-Wilcox, treasurer; Winnie Silliams, membership chair



New board members: Eleanor Harwell, Amy Mears, Bonnie White, Ann Shelton Tucker, Eileen Campbell-Reed, Howard Roberts. Not pictured: Patti Sunday-Winters and Oliver Thomas

Calendar

June 27-July 1, 1994. The Power and the Danger: Women Teaching Girls. Led by Judith Dorney and Maria Harris. Auburn Theological Seminary, 3041 Broadway, New York, NY 10027. (800) 818-2911.

July 21-24, 1994 Wind and Fire: Spirituality in Action. Eleventh biennial conference at North Park College, Chicago. Plenary speakers include Miriam Therese Winter, Virginia Ramey Mollenkott, Nancy Hardesty, Rosemary Keller, Ann Sherer, and Jamie T. Phelps. Contact Evangelical and Ecumenical Women's Caucus, 6124 N. Byron St., Rosemont, IL 60018. (708) 299-2256.

August 7, 1994 30th Anniversary of Addie Davis' ordination, the first woman ordained by a Southern Baptist Church. Celebration at Watts Street Baptist Church in Durham, NC



SBWIM Annual Meeting 1994

Worship focuses on future hope

"A future hope, dwelling in possibility," a quote from an Emily Dickinson poem, was the theme of the 1994 SBWIM annual worship service. More than 150 people gathered to worship and to celebrate at the annual meeting held in Greensboro, NC, in conjunction with the Cooperative Baptist Fellowship General Assembly.

Amy Mears, Ph.D. candidate in preaching at Southern Seminary, was the preacher and the text was Jeremiah 29:1-14, with verse 11, "I have plans to give you a hope and a future," as the focal point. The sermon was an interactive one that called on the congregation to voice their own experiences of hope.

Mears began with word association to help the congregation relate their experience of exile to that of Jeremiah's first hearers. She asked about the signs of hope that people are now experiencing. People in the congregation stood and told their stories of hope, becoming proclaimers alongside the featured preacher.

Amy Dean of First Baptist Church, Clemson, SC, told how her church asked to ordain her. She said that their openness and equal treatment of persons is a sign of hope.

Amy Mear's first preaching instructor, Brett Younger, recalled how Amy was once concerned that men in her class would not accept her preaching. That very service, with Amy as the preacher, was a sign of hope to him.

Donna McConico, of Montgomery, AL, said that she thought it was a sign of hope that Dixie Petrey, a female pastor, was elected as Student Government Association president at Southern Seminary in spite of the administrative changes.

A young college student about to enter seminary voiced her excitement about the possibilities ahead for her and the experience of her first gathering of women in ministry.

Cindy Harp Johnson of Gaithersburg, MD, shared that the realization that "we can all be naked and unashamed...just be ourselves" gives her hope. Being able to be authentic and intimate gives her hope for the future.

Mary Zimmer of Louisville, KY, said that "seeing a room full of faces of hope who **never** give up" inspires hope.

Anne Thomas Neil, of Wake Forest, NC, said that her hope was in the fact that God's spirit is moving and calling women all around the world, beyond all human boundaries.

Seeing many supportive males faces in the room was a source of hope for Ann Redmond of Ft. Worth, TX.

Words of hope came from every corner of the room, and the service culminated with the sharing of communion.

Musicians Karen and Clark Sorrels, Janeal Teander, and Sandra Grogan and choir members from Greenwood Forest Baptist Church of Cary, NC, provided special music for the worship service. Many thanks to these and to Mary Zimmer who planned the service and the annual meeting.



Amy Mears received a positive response for her creative, interactive preaching style. The congregation participated in the proclamation of hope from Jeremiah 29.



Communion was a highlight of the worship service. Dalen Jackson of Marion, Alabama receives the bread and cup.



Board members and sisters Joy Shelton Steincross of Missouri and Ann Shelton Tucker of Texas enjoy fellowship with Dub Steincross and Bill Riggs over lunch.



Exile of Innocence

Dawn Darwin and Tracy Dunn-Noland, Baptist seminarians at Brite Divinity School, presented this antiphonal litany as a part of the evangelical tradition group's response to the topic of the 1994 National Conference of Christian and Jews' Seminarians Interacting Conference themed "Exile: Maintaining Hope in a Chaotic World." It is the story not of one woman, but of every woman called to a ministry of maintaining hope in a denomination where women are excluded.

Once upon a time, long ago and still today, a little girl danced down the aisles of her church, and sang solos on special days, and on Mother's Day, she even prayed in front of everyone, and they all said,

"How sweet!"

She immortalized Lottie Moon and Annie Armstrong, the great adventurous missionaries -

She was treasured.

She was loved.

And on the night of the Christmas pageant, it was she who held baby Jesus most tightly.

In her shone the image of God, and she memorized Genesis 1:27 fervently.

"God created us in God's image; male and female God created us."

Then she grew—

Womanly curves and a strong, gentle voice that spoke freely the words she had been taught and believed.

She always knew in her heart that God had something special in store for her.

One Sunday, after a summer youth camp, she walked the aisle of her church to announce her call into ministry.

Silence fell upon the congregation, and a cloud darkened her joy.

This was the beginning of her exile.

Home was home no longer and the enemy was now her pastor, family, friends, and teachers.

She watched as her male friends, those less active and involved than she, made decisions toward ministry and were rejoiced over and welcomed into the elite fold.

And invited to preach.

And she wrote her sermons on the backs of offering envelopes and stuffed them into her pockets.

She did not know which was more painful - the silence or words of others.

She endured the lectures on the proper place of women and the accusations against her own Christianity.

She awkwardly smiled at the spoken assumptions that God's call to her as minister would naturally be secondary to her role as wife and mother.

She cringed as people asked her husband what his plans were, never acknowledging that she might have plans of her own.

People stoned her with their words and crucified her with their indifference.

And it was not her fault.

And it was not God's fault!

God wept...wrapped her in those divine motherly arms and pulled her into the heavenly bosom.

God whispered hope into her exile. For in the exile is the hope that we can return to Eden, where we can be naked and unashamed, our sons and our daughters shall prophesy the dream of God made reality - the dream that we all come home.

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thought a child and proclaiming that "all who hear will laugh with me" (Genesis 21:6); and the psalmist "whose mouth was filled with laughter" (126) at an unimagined turn of events.

Elizabeth's pregnancy was one of God's surprises (poor Zechariah was startled speechless), as was Mary's. The empty tomb was another. (The men folk among the disciples thought their sisters crazy.) And the Apostles on Pentecost preached from Joel's prophecy that the Spirit is pouring out prophetic gifts on daughters. (The gathered crowd thought them drunk.)

It's always instructive to pay attention to who laughs and who doesn't when God gets to tickling creation. (The Sermon on the Mount has most of the important distinguishing clues as to who will and who won't) The humorless ones always manage to grumble (or worse, e.g. Herod's slaughter) about God's reversals.

Nevertheless, esteemed sisters, hold on to your voices, even though you'll be the subject of disgruntled conversation at the local cafe. And speak in your own unique octave, resisting the

temptation to sound "like a man." Your lips give resonance to the Word of the Lord unheard anywhere else in creation. The entire Body, and the world which it leavens, needs the sounds which only your tongues emit.

Beloveds, resist the demand that you lower your voice, even if Herod comes hunting. Flee to the desert if you must. Sister Mary was there before you. Manna and water from rocks are still available. Never "go cheap for power," even for the mess of pottage offered by "moderates." Demand the blessing, even if its offering is granted only for your daughters or your granddaughters. As with Queen Esther, you have come for such a time as this.

Ken Sehested, who knows good preaching when he hears it, is a major fan of the sermons of his wife, Rev. Nancy Hastings Sehested, pastor of Prescott Memorial Baptist Church in Memphis, TN. Ken serves as the executive director of the Baptist Peace Fellowship of North American, an organization linking Baptists of all kinds active in a variety of peace and justice concerns (including women's issues). For more information, contact him at: BPFNA, 499 Patterson St., Memphis, TN 38111.



Brotherly support means action according to women

Peggy Sanderford, hospital chaplain in Honolulu, Hawaii; Kathy Manis Findley, pastor in Little Rock, Arkansas; Cindy Harp Johnson, itinerant preacher from Gaithersburg, Maryland, and Anne Thomas Neil, retired missionary from Wake Forest, NC, share what brotherly support of women in ministry means to them.

Why is it important for men to join the struggle for women to find opportunities to minister?

Findley: My husband, who has been a minister for twenty years, responded, "Because it's right." The reality is that men are the pastors of most of our churches. They will have to model, for their congregations, a willingness and desire to include women in church ministry positions. They will have to model a comfortableness in ministering with women. They will need to show their congregations that they affirm God's call to women.

Sanderford: Men, who are not facing the same struggles, can serve as enablers for women as we struggle. Men are also able to lend a validity (for lack of a better word) to our struggle—it's not just a "women's issue" but an issue for all who are concerned with the children of God using their gifts in faith and freedom.

Johnson: To model biblical correctness; to practice what they preach; to provide openings for women since men are the primary doorkeepers of pulpits and as an acknowledgment that the male perspective is only one interpretation of reality.

Neil: We are created for community. It has never been God's intention that men and women stand over and against one another, but that we be equal partners in co-creating with God, becoming a reconciling and redemptive community. Anything less is sin against the creation and the Creator. Together we are much more "than the sum of the parts."

What are specific ways that men can be supportive of women in ministry in Baptist life?

Findley: Male ministers can educate their congregations. They can be not only willing, but intentional, in seeking women to join them on the church staff or in other ministry settings. They can unapologetically invite women to preach in their churches.

Sanderford: They can join us in the struggle for ordination—with public words as well as actions—not in the privacy of their office, but from the pulpit, in the hallways and over lunches.

Johnson: They can invite women as guest preachers, worship leaders, retreat leaders. They can preach from biblical, passages featuring women and explore and expound on the feminine biblical images of God. They can use women positively in sermon illustrations and use the work of women scholars, artists, writers, cinematographers, and athletes in sermon illustrations.

Neil: First of all valuing women as whole persons created in God's

image, realizing that it is good for women and men to dwell together in harmony in order to fulfill God's purpose in the lives of all of us. Second, men need not fear women or perceive women as threats to their own selfhood and value as men, being willing to relinquish power so that all can be empowered. There is no question that in the present structure of church life, men hold the keys. They can use those keys to unlock the door for women and welcome us in.

Can you name a particular instance in which a brother was supportive of your ministry?

Findley: My biological brother, Dr. Andrew Manis, was the first to push me into the "dangerous" waters of seeking my own ministerial identity. He stood by me every step of the journey. He listened to my anger. He at least pretended to be comfortable with my tears. He traveled 2000 miles to preach my ordination sermon.

My husband Fred was always my model of compassionate, caring and selfless ministry. He put his own need for a place of ministry aside and stood beside me when I began my own pursuit. And now that I have found more ministry than I can do, he continues to support our family and to be, at times, both mother and father to our son.

Sanderford: Yes! When I was in seminary going through another theological/faith upheaval with peers and professors (maybe even trustees), David Howell, who was pastoring a Vietnamese congregation, didn't hug me or tell me he supported me or anything else that others had been doing. Instead, he invited me to preach at his church one Sunday, and sat in the front row as I did it. He didn't support me with words as others had been, but with action.

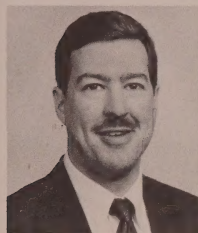
Johnson: William Bond, of Chattanooga, TN, has twice recommended me as the interim for the pastorate he resigned. Jerry Allen of Kensington, MD, regularly recommends me as a supply preacher and Mike Allen, pastor of Baptist Temple in Alexandria, VA, recently invited me to speak at the homecoming service of his church. It is especially encouraging to be asked to preach at a church when the male pastor is present in the service.

And most significant is the support of my clergy husband, Stan, who regularly risks his own advancement in order to promote my abilities and assure me of continued opportunities to fulfill my calling.

Neil: Lloyd and I were high school sweethearts. He moved to my home town as the preacher's son when we were in high school. One summer while in college I went to Ridgecrest for a week. While there he wrote me a letter (I confess I had forgotten it and certainly did not appreciate the depth of its message at the time). I uncovered the letter quite by surprise some eight years ago. In it he wrote, "I recognize your many gifts and believe God has something special for you to do. I want you to know I will never stand in your way or knowingly hinder you from fulfilling God's purpose for your life." He has kept that covenant for more than fifty years.



Changing my mind about women in ministry



by *Dalen Jackson*

In the beginning, I'll admit, I didn't think it was very good idea. Among the things I had been taught about the church was that women were not to be leaders. The relevant passages from the Bible were sufficiently clear to me. In spite of the thoughtful challenges of my friend Ginger, I'm sure she will attest that I was downright cocky in my conviction that men alone were called to and capable of ministry leadership.

Fortunately, thoughtful challenges were a significant part of my experience of church in my formative years. I was encouraged to listen for the voice of the Holy Spirit, to test the things that were true, to imagine what Jesus would do.

And so, when I transferred to a Baptist college as a sophomore to study for the ministry, the conditions were right for a great storm that would transform my thinking. To fulfill a religious education assignment, I set out to write a paper that would settle the issue once and for all. My beginning thesis was shaped by my andro-centric views of the Bible, the church, and myself—a warm, unstable mass, to be sure.

A cold front swept through, however, when I began my research in earnest. Social science journals suggested that women were as capable as men. Religious authors, including Baptist seminary professors, assured me that the presence of women in ministry was compatible with biblical faith. A helpful (woman) librarian steered me to the finding of the Consultation on Women in Church Related Vocations, sponsored by the Southern Baptist Convention in 1978. Naive to the fact that these many experts were in sympathy with a cause, I accepted their views (supporting women in ministry) as the Southern Baptist consensus on the matter. It was only years later that I looked back at that incident and realized I had been set up.

My subsequent experiences confirmed to me, however, that I was set up by grace, and for grace. I was in seminary when I first experienced women ministering as deacons. I remember vividly the sense of wholeness I felt the first time I shared in the Lord's Supper served by both women and men. I felt deeply that this was right, that I was having a need met that I had never even been

aware of before. Countless times during my seminary years I was moved by the preaching and teaching of women, by the leadership of women in churches, by the pastoral insights shared by women, and by women's stories of their call and God's leading in their lives. If my mind had been changed during my college years, my heart was thoroughly assured during my seminary days that God calls women to ministry and that their ministry reflects the image of God.

Old ways of thinking die hard, of course, and sometimes my sensitivity to the difficulties faced by women in ministry wanes. I saw a familiar face at a meeting last year, and when I spoke I realized that Becca had been in a class of mine a few years earlier. She told me she was in Texas now, and I asked if she was doing missions work there. She graciously reminded me of her direction in ministry, which was not "missions." In the agonizing minutes that followed our brief conversation, I began to recall the outlines of a conversation I had had with Becca just a few years before. At that time she had expressed great frustration with the "ghettoization" of certain areas of ministry (including "missions"). Not that these are not legitimate and worthy calling for women in ministry, she explained, but women are so often assumed to be called only to particular roles and expected to steer clear of roles more traditionally filled by men. Becca had felt God's call to look beyond such constraints on her ministry. And I, "Mr. Sensitive to Women's Issues," had just put her right back in the ghetto. I winced a mighty wince, and somewhere a cock crowed a second time.

Still, I bear witness that God calls women to ministry, even as I search my soul for those remnants of prejudice that are never all swept away. I am honored to minister alongside you. I hear your voices, voices of hope, and grace, and frustration. I feel anger and sadness at the doors of ministry that are closed to you. I use what little influence I have to open doors, to offer encouragement, and to implore others to be open to God's working through you. And I will never again be satisfied with a community of faith that doesn't allow me to experience the gifts that women bring to ministry.

Dalen Jackson is an academic administrator and religion professor in Marion, Alabama.

Addie Davis Offering

30 years ago this August, Addie Davis became the first woman ordained to the gospel ministry by a Southern Baptist church. Since 1964, over 1000 Southern Baptist women have been ordained. Addie Davis is a pioneer, whose life and ministry opened doors for hundreds of women, and the SBWIM annual offering is named in her honor beginning this year.

Join us in this special anniversary year by honoring Rev. Davis and other women in ministry with a gift to Southern Baptist Women in Ministry. Your support of women in ministry matters. Just think of how different things were just thirty years ago. The ministry of women is making a difference, so let's honor them.

I want to support SBWIM with a gift of _____ in honor of: name _____ title _____
address _____

Giver's Name & Address _____

Make Checks payable to SBWIM and mail to SBWIM, 2800 Frankfort Ave., Louisville, KY 40206



A Charge to the Church

by Marion D. Aldridge

This message was the charge given to the Greenlawn Baptist Church in Columbia, South Carolina, on the occasion of the ordination of Amanda Jones on November 7, 1993.

For the past year, I have been trying to make the point I best heard articulated by Renita Weems, Professor of Old Testament at Vanderbilt. She said that all of our identities affect the way we read Scripture. This brilliant, young, African-American, female scholar reminded me that being male, being white, being Baptist, being married, being a father, even having a sinus infection and a headache, each affects the way that I read the Bible. Part of my duty and part of your duty is to investigate viewpoints other than our own, other ways of interpreting the holy text.

"... it is time that we, as a church, call forth and pay attention to the voices of the women in our midst."

The Bible itself says we all see through a glass darkly. Renita Weems' reminder is that one of the reasons our vision is imperfect and distorted is because we see God and God's kingdom, inevitably through our own biases.

My charge to the church this morning is based on the belief that, after centuries and centuries of hearing the voices of men, primarily, it is time that we, as a church, call forth and pay attention to the voices of the women in our midst.

On October 5, 1573, in the north Belgium seacoast town of Antwerp, an Anabaptist woman, one of our spiritual ancestors, whose name was Maeyken Wens, was sentenced to death. Her crime, to quote Will Campbell, was "proclaiming the gospel of Christ as she understood it." (*Crisis and Christianity*, September 16, 1985). After six months in jail, during which time she would neither recant her beliefs, nor would she promise to those who held her captive that she would go home and be quiet, she was executed.

But a lot of our Baptist forefathers and foremothers were burned at the stake. What made Maeyken Wens special?

Her executioners were so offended by her preaching that they required a screw to be twisted through her tongue to the roof of her mouth so she would be unable to speak or testify to her faith as she was led to her place of execution.

In those days, Baptists were the persecuted minority, and it was as natural as breathing that every believer, man, woman and child, should be a part of telling the good news.

Baptists are very different these days. We are rich, and we are big, and we are proud. Yet, even now, there is no subtlety in our efforts to keep women quiet and to keep them humble.

As a denomination, we reached our moral low point in June 1984, at the Southern Baptist Convention, when we officially voted (58 to 42 percent) to blame women for all of our sins by pointing out, quite ungraciously, that, in the story of the Garden

of Eden, as told in Genesis, women sinned before men did. That was all the proof some Southern Baptists needed to vote against the ordination of women. It was our way of keeping their mouths clamped shut still.

"God is bigger than most of us believe, and women can help us hear that message."

I know the arguments. I know the Bible verses from the Old and New Testaments that seem to relegate women to a second-class role within the church. And I also know the passages that indicate women had every opportunity for leadership in the New Testament church that their male counterparts had. But declaring the side with the biggest and best list of Bible verses to be the winner in a debate has never been a very good means of studying the Bible.

It is quite simply, time to say, "Enough!"

We must do at least three things:

1) We must find a way to read the Bible and to think theologically so that we do not limit our understanding of God to that of a first century, Galilean male. God is bigger than most of us believe, and women can help us hear that message. I find it puzzling that those who believe God is unable to speak through an ordained woman are called "conservatives," and that those who refuse to limit the power of God, believing that God can speak through man, woman, child or jackass, are called "liberals." If "liberal" means to be liberated, to be freed from ancient cultural opinions and superstitions, then I am pleased to be a liberal.

2) We must find a way to live together in the church so that power, leadership and insight is not limited to males, especially males over 40 years old. Most bright women are trained to think like men. Even if it is impossible to get men to ever think like women, we should at least enable, encourage and empower women to think in their own way and to articulate their own points of view.

3) We must find a way to do ethics, that is, to behave in such a way that all people (black people, poor people, females) are freed from whatever bondage restricts them and oppresses them. Once again, I find it perplexing when the idea of overcoming oppression is considered something only so-called "liberals" are interested in. To avoid the idea that God is especially interested in the underdog, the excluded, the outcast, the down-trodden, the oppressed, you would have to ignore Jeremiah and the other prophets, including Jesus!

We must have women and minorities at the banquet table of God with us, at the feast of the lamb. And they must also sit at the tables of power and justice as well. When we exclude people from full participation in the kingdom of God, when we make them sit on the back seat of the bus that is bound for glory, then God must weep.

Marion Aldridge is pastor of Greenlawn Baptist Church in Columbia, South Carolina.



Julie Pennington–Russell: Journey through open doors

by Eileen Campbell-Reed

When Julie Pennington–Russell delivered a sermon at the Cooperative Baptist Fellowship in May she was a long way from her first spiritual home. In the sermon she suggested not camping out in the past, but claiming our present home. Her own journey has been gradual, and she says God has simply led her to new possibilities through a number of open doors.

Only 12 years ago when Pennington–Russell arrived at Golden Gate Seminary she was making daily treks to the prayer room on campus to pray for “those wayward women” she met who thought they could preach. Now she preaches every Sunday to the English speaking congregation at Nineteenth Avenue Baptist Church in San Francisco, California. The church is also home to Chinese–, Arabic–, and Vietnamese–speaking mission congregations.

While she was part of a military family and grew up in Baptist churches all over the South, the journey into ministry really began for Pennington–Russell in the 1970’s through her involvement in the college program at First Baptist Church of Orlando. There she felt the first tugging of a call to ministry in her heart. She remembers, “It seemed that everyone really in touch with God—all the really spiritual people—went to seminary.” So she made plans to follow her pastor Jim Henry’s direction and attend New Orleans Seminary. However, at the last minute she changed her plans and returned instead to California, where she had lived before, and enrolled at Golden Gate.

As her daily prayers for women preachers suggested, Pennington–Russell’s own scope of imagination for what it meant to live into a call to ministry was somewhat limited in the beginning. Several events during seminary began to expand her ideas and lead her through those first open doors toward claiming her own identity. She has no regret for her conservative beginnings; in fact Pennington–Russell believes this makes her a much more tolerant minister.

The first step for her was as she recalls, “to get some silence into my life.” A move



Julie Pennington–Russell

away from the familiar gave Pennington–Russell the freedom to hear her professors and begin gaining new perspective.

As part of a ministry team Pennington–Russell and various male students would go into churches for revivals. She would lead music and they would preach. “I would watch the men in the pulpit and think ‘I could do that.’ Somehow it really called to me.”

In 1983 she joined Nineteenth Avenue Baptist Church. Before long the pastor asked her to serve as music minister. When she graduated, Pennington–Russell was called as the Associate Pastor and began to preach regularly.

Over the next ten years she served as interim pastor on two occasions and continued as Associate after declining the first request of the congregation for her serve as pastor. In 1993 when the pastorate was open again she found herself accepting the congregation’s call with little hesitation.

During the last year pastor and congregation have made the papers on several occasions beginning when a group of pastors organized at the state convention and voted to unseat her church’s messengers at the annual meeting in November. The church responded with a public statement of their affirmation of scripture, the Baptist Faith and Message, and of the witness of scripture to a variety of ways women serve as ministers in the church.

In the eleven years Pennington–Russell has been at Nineteenth Avenue she recognizes that her relationship to the congregation has changed. Early on she was seen affectionately as everyone’s daughter. Her growing maturity as person and

minister were especially evident during the interim times when people began to look to her as their pastor. “People need you as pastor to be their priest at times and not just their buddy.” Yet Pennington–Russell finds herself walking a tightrope to balance living the authenticity she preaches and being the priestly figure people need.

While she understands her gifts to be in preaching and pastoral caring, these gifts took cultivation. She remembers a time when she was serving as minister of music and she told the organist that there was another woman, a music major, and “that it would suit the church better if she took over the organ playing.” She thanked the first woman who then almost left the church as a result of the encounter. Fortunately the organist had the grace to tell the young minister about her thoughts of leaving and taught Pennington–Russell a valuable lesson. People are not something to administrate. They are central to ministry.

Pennington–Russell sees the need to take time away to rejuvenate. She likes to spend this time with her husband Tim and their preschooler, Taylor. They bike and picnic, and when she is alone she prefers quiet endeavors that allow a stillness of mind.

Having a child four years ago led Pennington–Russell to take other healthy steps toward maturity as a minister. “It helped me to set wonderfully healthy boundaries and stop being an around-the-clock minister.” She is faithful to keep her days off and her answering machine on—especially during dinner. She also enjoys the blessing of her congregation to care for herself and her family.

Pennington–Russell has never seen the pastorate as a career track. She understands a basic call of all Christians to serve, but she can see herself in other roles. Her future may hold open doors to other areas, and Julie Pennington–Russell is trying to keep her eyes open and stay flexible. “It is important not to set ourselves up in a way in which our identity is completely wrapped up in what we do. My life has been a progression of walking through open doors opened by God. I do not know what God will open next.”

Oration's

Libby Bellinger, edited a book of sermons by Southern Baptist women, titled *Costly Obedience: Women of Steadfast Spirit*, which will be published this year.

Kelly Calmes is music director at Palestine Baptist Church in Campbellsville, Kentucky.

Nancy Cothran is associate minister for children and education at Immanuel Baptist Church in Tampa, Florida.

Donna Fowler-Marchant is associate campus minister at Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina. She is pursuing a Th.M. in church history at Duke University.

Jeanna R. Hodges is Leadership Development Director at First Southern Baptist Church, Great Bend, Kansas.

Marge Humphrey is minister of music at South McClintock Baptist Church in Tempe, Arizona.

Grace Lewis is the administrator of Baptist Home, the senior care agency of the Baptist Convention of Maryland/Delaware.

Susan Hooks Meadors is minister of youth and education at Northside Baptist Church in Clinton, Mississippi. She is a graduate of SBTS.

Rebekah Naylor, medical missionary to India, will be named distinguished alumna by the Southwestern Seminary at the SBC in Orlando, Florida, later this month.

Joyce Oliver is minister of education and youth, at St. Matthews Baptists Church in Louisville, Kentucky.

Paula Peek was ordained to the ministry May 22, 1994, by Ballardsville Baptist Church in Crestwood, Kentucky.

Stacey Pennington is chaplain at Danbury Federal Prison for Women in Danbury, Connecticut.

Susan Pigott is the first full-time woman Bible professor at Hardin Simmons University's Logsdon School of Theology.

Becky Proctor is minister of music and family ministries at Rosalind Hills Baptist Church in Roanoke Valley Association, Virginia.

M. Kathy Sapp, second-year Resident in Clinical Pastoral Education at St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital, was ordained to the gospel ministry on February 6 by First Baptist Church, Pineville, Louisiana.

Andrea Shepherd is minister of music, youth and children at First Baptist Church, Weber City, Virginia.

Ronda Stewart-Wilcox is minister of religious education at May Memorial Baptist Church in Powhatan, Virginia. She is a graduate of SBTS.

Julia Yuen was ordained to the gospel ministry by Buechel Park Baptist Church in Louisville, Kentucky, on April 17, 1994.

"Opening Doors: A Brief History of Women in Southern Baptist Life" is available now!

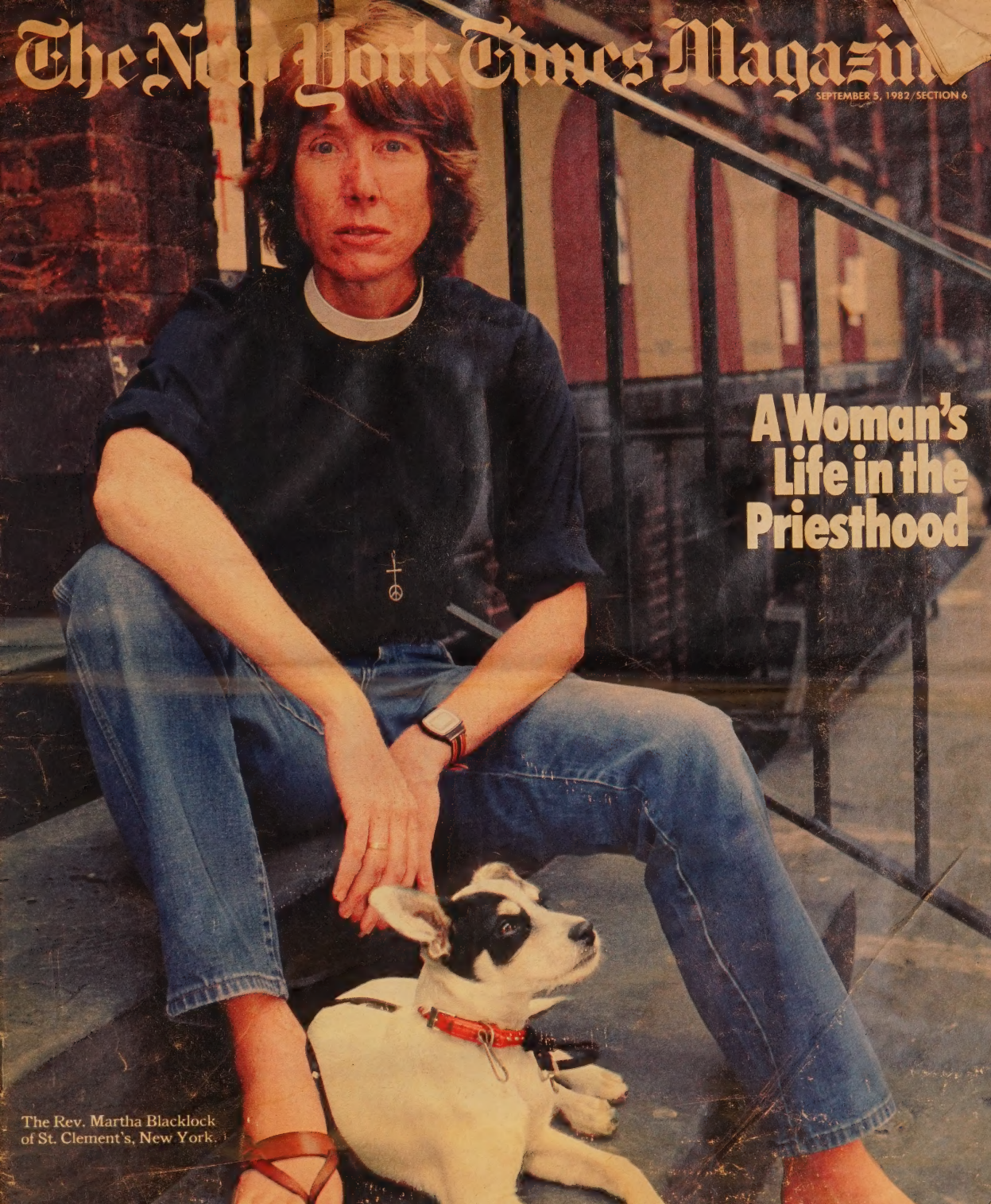
This brochure notes the progress and barriers for women in the SBC. It is an excellent educational tool, available to congregations. Brochures may be obtained by contacting the SBWIM office at (502) 896-4425.

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The New York Times Magazine

SEPTEMBER 5, 1982 / SECTION 6

A Woman's Life in the Priesthood

The Rev. Martha Blacklock
of St. Clement's, New York.



the Collected Thoughts of Waterford Collectors

edited by Harry Posin

W

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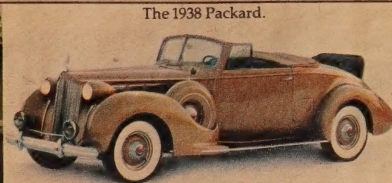
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September 5, 1982

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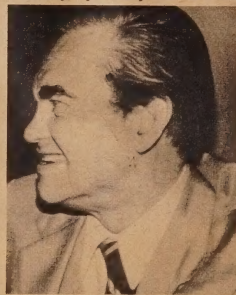
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Once the symbol of a defiant South, he now seeks to reclaim Alabama's governorship with a mellowed image that still speaks for the little guy. Tuesday's primary will be a major test.



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From bicyclists to ballplayers to bird watchers, everyone considers Central Park his personal turf — which is why the ambitious plans to restore it have aroused such controversy.



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The more than 500 women ordained as Episcopal priests are redefining the church's mission — and their own.

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On Language

By William Safire

Flip-Flop



When a reporter asked President Reagan if his reversal of past form — to support a tax increase — could enable critics to say that he had “flip-flopped on the tax issue,” the President replied: “There is not any flip-flop on this at all.”

The President's ready acceptance of this reduplication proves that *flip-flop* — both verb and noun — has a firm place in the language, especially in political parlance. It is used as frequently as *helter-skelter* and far more often than *higgledy-piggledy*.

The hyphenated word first appeared in English three centuries ago to describe large ears, and reappeared briefly to imitate the sound of slipped feet on a wooden floor. These nonce meanings soon died, replaced by the meaning of somersault — not the gentle, rounded-back type, but the somersault in which the performer holds his body stiff and throws himself over, first on his hands and then on his feet.

This tumbling feat — not to be confused with a hand-spring — gained metaphorical use in the 1940's, when fickleness was described as “heart flip-flops.” Political orators, ever on the lookout for colorful ways to accuse opponents of opportunism, quickly seized upon it: Richard Nixon's decision to impose wage and price controls in 1971, after reviling them for many years, was denounced — accurately — as a flip-flop, which he countered with a bland observation that “circumstances change.”

However, most political figures shy away from charges of flip-floppery; sudden shifts of opinion, or reversals of previous positions, are considered admissions of previous error. Hence Mr. Rea-

gan's insistence that his new position did not constitute a flip-flop. His most ardent supply-side critic, Representative Jack Kemp, showed a certain subtlety in his choice of words: Rather than offend his longtime leader with the harsh *flip-flop*, Congressman Kemp preferred *U-turn*, which means the same (a 180-degree change in direction), but carries no acrobatic connotation.

Diplomatists making the same charge of turnaround often select the French term *volte-face*, akin to the military order *about-face*. (In diplomacy, the charge is not as stinging: The response is a cool “I would rather be flexible than rigid.”) In German, a word for turnaround is *Kehrtwendung*, but politicians in West Germany have also sensed the need for a lively word to accuse opponents of sudden reversals. “The German equivalent of the English *flip-flop*,” advises Karl Prince, of the Federal Republic's Embassy in Washington, “would be *umfallen* for the verb and *Umfall* for the noun. When the Liberal Party switched from one side to the other on Oct. 3, 1969, it was called ‘the *Umfall* Party’ — the Flip-Flop Party. The charge hurt.”

Each side of *flip-flop* is doing remarkably well in English. The *flip* side (or reverse side of a disk) has slang meanings that range from “irreverent, cocky” (“That's a flip attitude, young man” — from *slippant*) to a verb meaning “to get excited about” (“That flips me to the point of doing acrobatics”) and, finally, “to go completely bonkers” (“I just flipped out”).

Flop is making a big hit, too. In computerese, a *floppy* disk stores information: “It

is called *floppy* because it is flexible,” explains Jim McCartney of Shugart Associates, manufacturers of the gizmos that drive the disks. “The floppy disk is like an LP record, only not rigid, and the disk drive is like a stereo. Smaller storage systems are called *minifloppies*.” (Nobody knows who first used *floppy* to describe a flexible disk; claimants for this honor may submit their names with early citations.)

So you think *flip-flop*, complete with its three centuries of etymology, is mere slang, to be sneered at and not welcomed into dictionaries? Consider a radical change of position, no matter what they call it.

Power of the Press

Political polemics is usually ignored, but language columns get read in high places. A few months ago, much derision appeared in this space about the overuse of *cautiously optimistic*, a straddling phrase used by President Reagan and repeated by scores of timid hopefuls.

Last month, when asked his assessment of chances for the evacuation of Beirut by the P.L.O., the President replied: “I'm reasonably optimistic. Now, see, I didn't say ‘cautiously.’ I'm reasonably optimistic . . .” A few days later, chief of staff James Baker appeared on “Faze the Nation” and dutifully repeated: “We're reasonably optimistic,” explaining for anybody who might have missed the nuance, “That's more optimistic than ‘cautiously optimistic.’”

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FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER

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O.K. So it's 'attorneys general,' but 'lieutenant generals.' And it's 'timeouts,' not 'timesout.' But is it 'flip-flops' or 'flips-flop'?

hopeful. Not overly hopeful; reasonably hopeful.

Time Out Twice

"Our first-period English class," writes Matt Ritchie of New Haven (Ind.) Junior High, probably with Mrs. Donald Steiner, his teacher, jabbing a piece of chalk in his back, "recently ran into a controversy over whether the plural for *timeout* was *times-out* or *timeouts*. We would like you to tell us: Which is the correct plural?"

The best way to make a compound noun plural is to add the *s* to the most important part of the noun. For example, in *attorney general*, the key noun is *attorney*, and the *general* modifies it; therefore, the plural is *attorneys general*. In *lieutenant general*, the *lieutenant* modifies the key word, *general* — so the plural is *lieutenant generals*. Same thing with *courts-martial*, *poets laureate* and *girlfriends* — since the *court*, the *poet* and the *friend* are central, those words get the *s*. On that theory, Prof. Ron Butters wrote in this space, while I was lying fallow, that he preferred *Eggs McMuffin*, pointing to the analogy of *eggs Benedict* and *oysters Rockefeller*.

Similarly, any mother-in-law will tell you that her motherhood is most important: That's why we have *mothers-in-law*. When we expand that to *in-laws* in general, we make plural the *law*, which dominates the *in*. The rule is fairly understandable: Pick out the key word and add the *s* to that.

What do you do when a compound noun has no word that stands out as obviously the most important? With a *forget-me-not* or a *ne'er-do-well*, tack the *s* on the end. When in doubt, most lexicographers and even most usagists would agree with Dolores Harris, an editor of Houghton Mifflin's

American Heritage Dictionary: "On the whole, except for special cases such as *mother-in-law*, the pluralization of hyphenated words occurs at the end of the word." She said a mouthful, or two mouthfuls.

Booze blurs these distinctions. Strictly speaking, you should order *gins and tonic*, but few people do; most *teen-agers* will say, "Two rye and ginger ales," as *grown-ups* growl. I prefer "two bourbons on the rocks" because of the awkward double plural of "two bourbon on the rocks," and to show my friends that I practice good grammar even while getting sloshed.

All that suggests *timeouts*. But let us see what is happening in the real world: The National Basketball Association doesn't go along with this modern, permissivist dribbling. Says Liz Kubec, the hoopsters' flack, "The N.B.A. pluralizes *timeout* as *timeouts*." That's official.

In baseball, the question is scorned for its false premise. "Baseball does not have a *timeout*," reports Katy Fee-ney, a press agent for the National League. "There is only *time*, which, according to the handbook of the National League, is the announcement by the umpire of the legal interruption of play, during which the ball is dead."

In hockey and football, however, the word from the officials is that the plural is *timeouts*. They have as little right to say which is correct as the woman jumping center for the basketballers, but common usage is on their side. That's what the fans say. As for the confused football quarterback, can you imagine him saying, "How many *timeouts* have I remaining?" No; the usage is "How many *timeouts* do I have left, for God's sake?"

Go with *timeouts*, Matt. That's my judgment call. (No; it's either my *call* or my *judgment*, never my *judgment call*.) ■

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Sunday Observer

By Russell Baker

The Joy of Anger

I'm tired of advice on love and of books and lectures and television panelists who preach the wonder of love and how to make love to women, men, animals, plants and dining-room furniture and the joy that comes of loving all humanity. Love is nice, love is swell, and I'm in favor of it, but these love bores constantly telling us, "Love is everything," are creating a terrible distortion of emotional values.

What about anger? Why don't any of these experts on human emotion tell us something useful about anger? Judging from the news, there's at least as much anger as love pumping through the American bloodstream.

Pick up any day's newspaper, and there it is: "Angered Parent Kills Spouse and Four Children"; "Angered by Firing, Man Slays 10"; "Angry Son Mails Mom a Letter Bomb"; "Angered Citizen Punches Supreme Court Justice," and on and on. It's senseless to say the problem with these people is that they don't know how to love.

When you're angry, as these people are, you don't want somebody shoving Leo Buscaglia's "Living, Loving and Learning" or Michael Morgenstern's "How to Make Love to a Woman" under your nose. As the Book of Revelations must say somewhere, there is a time for love and a time for anger, and when it's time for anger you don't want either bromides or technical manuals about love; you want some way to let everybody know you're sore without having to slay spouse and four children.

What we need is not another volume on "How To Make Love" but some foolproof advice on "How To Make Anger."

I was struck by the lack of sound advice on the subject when, one day this summer, I found myself shouting and pounding the desk in front of an airline clerk because a flight had been oversold and he refused to permit standing in the airplane aisles. I was astonished by my outburst, for I am so ignorant of the art of being angry that I haven't let myself enjoy a refreshing public outburst in 20 years.

Fortunately for the airline clerk, I am one of those odd Americans who never carry a sawed-off shotgun or even a handgun, so he was able to sneer at my rage with im-

punity. Fortunately for the passengers who were not being left behind, none approached me with counsel on the joys of loving, for I was furious enough to kick luggage to pieces with tennis shoes.

What still burned in my soul after a sedative four hours in the airport waiting lounge was the utter calm with which the officious devil at the airline desk ignored my show of anger. I realized he must have seen anger in all its forms, including the great masters of rage so skilled at outrage that he had quaked, gone aboard airplanes to haul

off passengers already seated and given their places to those of whose anger he stood in awe.

I was not one deserving such respect. He had seen thousands like me. The trembling voice, the purple face, the bulging eyeballs, the quivering hands. He had sized me up perfectly, had said to himself, "Utterly ineffectual when abused by airline, hotel and car-rental clerks; hasn't the slightest notion how to make anger; can be easily crushed by my calm, superior manner which I shall use to give him a twist of the knife by showing that not only do I not love him, I don't even respect him."

Because the Leo Buscaglias and the Michael Morgensterns of the world have concentrated solely on improving my competence at love, I can find no useful tips on how to sharpen my competence at being angry with airline clerks.

Because of this weakness, over the years I have found it wiser to confine my expressions of anger to long bouts of sullenness and sulking. The immediate rewards are not bad. Once the people with whom you're angry — a wife, say, or a child — notice you are sulking, their curiosity will stimulate questions.

"All right, what are you sulking about this time?"

Answer (very sullenly voiced): "I'm not sulking."

"Of course you're sulking. You've been sulking for days. Now get it off your chest."

The one thing you mustn't do at this point is get it off your chest. This is not a friendly invitation, but a trap designed by the other party to make your voice tremble, your face turn purple and your eyeballs bulge. "How childish" the object of your anger can then say, luxuriating in the sense of being calm, unchildish and superior to a person whose anger is so incompetently expressed.

All I can recommend is continued sulking, and I recommend it with grave reservations. Years of quiet sulking, whether at a wife, a child or an airline clerk, often build up a residue of poison which calcifies into hate, and we all know what an unhappy effect hate has on love, don't we?

There will probably be a new book about it published soon. "Love Your Way Out of the Sulks." Just thinking about it makes me grind my molars, quietly, sullenly. ■

PATRICK MCCONNELL



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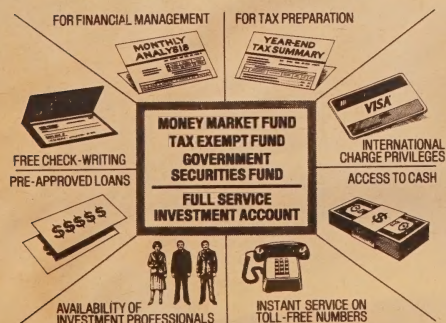
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George Wallace's Bid For the New South

Once the symbol of a defiant South, he now seeks to reclaim Alabama's governorship with a mellowed image that still speaks for the little guy. Tuesday's primary will be a major test.

By Roy Reed

Bloody Lowndes, they used to call the county. I walked into its courthouse in Hayneville, Ala., on a summer's day in 1965 representing a New York newspaper. Any connection with the North was looked on with suspicion, so I was surprised to be greeted graciously by a man of late middle age. Speaking in the educated voice of the landed gentry, he chatted for half an hour about the place and the people. I remember especially the affection he expressed for the architecture of the 19th-century courthouse.

A few weeks later, the same man walked onto the porch of a grocery store in the middle of town, a store just a stone's throw from the handsome old courthouse, and shot to death a civil-rights worker from the North.

I returned to the Lowndes County courthouse one hot day this summer. I learned first that the man, after the customary acquittal by an all-white jury, had settled back into the community and was still vaguely active in the way of those approaching their last years, still coming and going among the white folk and the black of this strange county, a ghost before his time. I then learned that the county's public life, if not its economic life, is now dominated by a shrewd and amiable man named John Hulett, high sheriff, chief mover and shaker in local politics, and proudly representative, I gather, of the best

of the new ruling class — the black majority of Bloody Lowndes.

I got all this from two black men on the sidewalk in front of the courthouse. I joined them in the clay-baking sun, and after we had expressed our astonishment at the heat, and caught up on the main threads of recent local history, we talked of the current race for Governor of Alabama. I stood reeling from what I heard. They had not really made up their minds, they said, but they could think of a lot of good things — they might, just might, cast their votes for, of all people, George Corley Wallace.

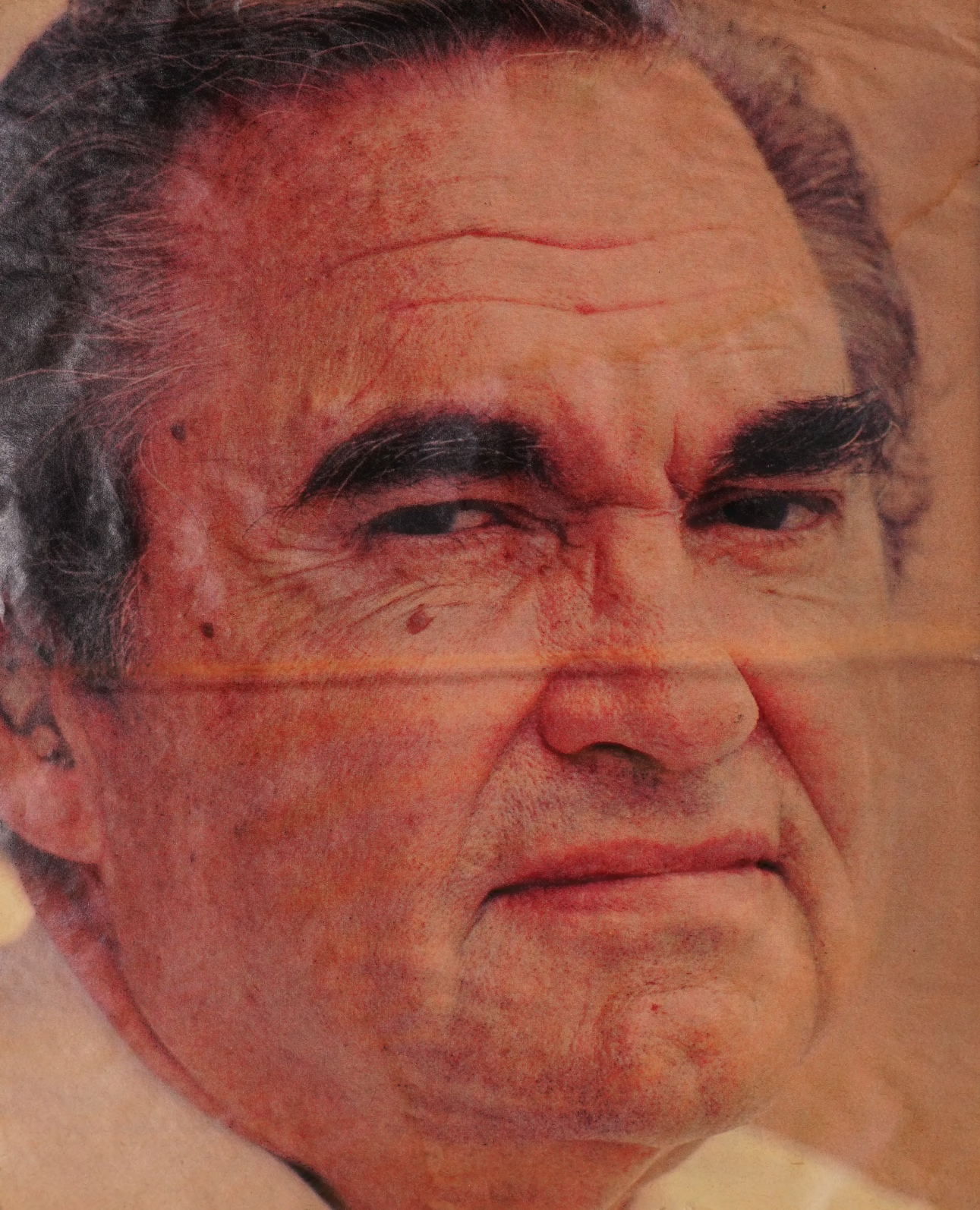
I retreated to my car and drove away, remem-

Roy Reed, a former New York Times correspondent, teaches journalism at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS S. ENGLAND



The adulation of "the folks" is given as one reason for Wallace's seeking office. White Alabamians, long the core of his support, are being joined by some blacks who respond to his populist appeal.



being as I went Tom Coleman; remembering the mockery of another trial in that sparkling white courthouse of white men who had killed another civil-rights worker; remembering the day I met innocent, young Stokely Carmichael on the front lawn, and how bold the future lion of black power was thought to be for approaching the front door of that white citadel.

And now, in 1982, black men are loafing in the courthouse yard and talking up George Wallace for Governor. That is the new Alabama. You start from that perspective when you presume to study the phenomenon known as the new George Wallace: born-again integrationist, devout Christian, lover of his enemies, mellowed candidate for Governor of — in the words of highway signs at its borders — Alabama the Beautiful.

The Alabama Democratic Conference, the state's most powerful black political group, recently refused to give Mr. Wallace an endorsement. That blacks may still vote for him — and with no small enthusiasm — is startling.

George Wallace is a summer man. He emerges with the sweat and the pokeweed, crowding up from the hot, red Alabama dirt to remind us all that he has not gone away. August heat restores him and makes him remember who he is and where he belongs. In his consistent opinion, and in that of thousands of faithful Alabamians, he belongs in the old white Governor's mansion on South Perry Street in Montgomery. He has already lived there 14 years, longer than anyone else, longer than any other person is ever likely to do again, almost as long as he inhabited his boyhood home at Clio before World War II. Now, after four years out of season, Mr. Wallace has emerged again this year with the heat and grass, intent on reclaiming the big house on Perry Street for the fourth time — actually the fifth, if you count the term of his first wife, Lurleen.

He has strong opposition, both in this Tuesday's Democratic primary and in the November general election. But he has a good chance of winning. The prospect no longer unduly alarms blacks and white liberals, and that tells much of the altered conditions of George Wallace, Alabama and the South. Blacks now vote, attain public office and enjoy the public amenities as widely in the South as in the North. Like their Northern cousins, they lag in jobs and income, but in school desegregation, once the pass-or-fail test of racial attitudes, black Southerners may be more nearly equal to whites than are black Northerners. Beyond race, Alabama and the other Sun Belt states have begun very slowly to gain on the North economically.

This means that Southern politicians no longer run on the sole, pernicious platform of race prejudice. But the South is still conservative. The so-called New South is a mythical region where your daddy's rich, your mama's good lookin' and everybody is his brother's keeper. Actually, the most fitting metaphor for the South of 1982 is not a white liberal like Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas or a progressive black like Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta. It is George Wallace. In the Alabama Governor's race this year, the retooled, tenacious, populist, conservative George Wallace is the darling of neither the right nor the left. Ideologically — if you have to use that unreliable gauge — he is not far from the middle among the candidates.

Beyond all that and whether he wins or loses, Mr. Wallace's re-emergence raises an interesting question: Why is he running? Why, after all the glory and pain, after dominating Alabama for nearly a generation, after carrying his national resistance into four campaigns for the Presidency, after being shot and paralyzed from the waist down in that Maryland shopping center in 1972, after the years of suffering and recovery, after being widowed,

married then divorced and married again — why, after all that, does he still run? What makes him think that the rigors of the race are worth it? Why does he want to give up a cushy job with the University of Alabama at Birmingham (\$68,000 a year as a fund-raiser, with his own press aide, two secretaries and a round-the-clock contingent of state troopers to guard and help him) and risk it all to run for Governor again?

If he succeeds, the George Wallace who moves back to Perry Street will be different from the one who nettled the national consciousness during the 1960's and 70's. When I went to see him earlier this summer, I was a little anxious. I had not sat and talked with him for many years and, in the old days, talking to George Wallace was not a happy pastime for a New York Times reporter. He used reporters as a foil for amusement and political profit.

I remember going to lunch once with Judge Leander H. Perez Sr., then the virtual dictator of Plaquemines Parish, La., who has since died. He and I led a procession down the street, the seven or eight Perez officials behind us trailing off in a precise pecking order. At the table, the judge used me

'The New South. You start from that perspective when you presume to study the new George Wallace: Born-again integrationist, devout Christian, lover of his enemies, mellowed candidate for Governor.'

for fun and abuse. Each time he jabbed me figuratively in the right ribs, his jesters jabbed me in the left and they all laughed.

Mr. Wallace used to enjoy my visits in the same way. In the hour or two he would allow for my interviews, the two of us were never alone. His supporting cast came and went constantly, sometimes plopping down for extended conversation, sometimes merely buzzing, flylike, to distract me with motion and noise, but all of them serving as jesters to jab me from the left after the boss had jabbed me from the right.

Some reporters in those days were fond of saying that while they might not like Mr. Wallace's actions or policies, they liked the man personally. I never did. Even when he was polite, he made me uncomfortable. I always felt his hostility, and I did not look forward to subjecting myself to that again this summer.

The first surprise occurred when I walked into his office. He was on the phone with his young third wife, the former Lisa Taylor. I remembered her from his 1968 Presidential campaign. She and her sister warmed up the Wallace rallies with songs. Mr. Wallace handed me the phone and asked whether I would like to chat with Mrs. Wallace. I was amazed and disarmed. He would never have done that with Lurleen, or with his second wife, Cornelia. Even if he had thought either of them worthy of a reporter's interest, he would not have trusted them to say the right thing.

The next surprise was the interview. Mr. Wallace and I were interrupted only once in two hours. And only once, at the beginning, did I feel hostility. He felt obliged to warn me to be fair, then predicted obliquely that I would not be because reporters never had been fair to him. The hostility lasted just a moment, like a touch of indigestion. During the rest of the interview, he was quiet, friendly, even reflective. Occasionally, he showed a trace of the old fire,

but no anger. He said he guessed he had mellowed.

"Have I changed? Everybody has changed," he said. "I used to have to shout pretty loud when I was talking about law and order and the Federal bureaucracy and all. But I don't have to shout now. Everybody is saying it now." Then, to show he could still use a stiletto: "If they had said it in the 60's, people wouldn't be hostages in their own home now."

Perhaps the attempt on his life and his several brushes with death thereafter have softened rather than hardened him. "I've forgiven Arthur Bremer," said Mr. Wallace about his would-be assassin. "You can't be a Christian if you bear ill will toward anyone. His folks sent word that they wish me well. I sent word to them that I wish them well, and I prayed for them."

He got in some licks at permissiveness, and predicted a moral revolution. He said his grandmother was turning in her grave over the stuff being shown on television today. And he noted with a touch of the old defensiveness that he had been preaching the need for a moral turnaround before Jerry Falwell was heard of.

During a dinner party of old Wallace antagonists, a physician in Anniston, Ala., had suggested that I might ask the former Governor one question — "Tell me about your best friend." The supposition had been that Mr. Wallace had never had one. Mr. Wallace replied that it is difficult for anyone in public office to have close friends. Then he said, "This is going to sound melodramatic, and it's going to sound corny, but it's true, anyway. My best personal friend is Jesus Christ."

Most Southerners are born quiet and live their lives close to home. Some are born afire and spend their days in New York or Los Angeles or Houston looking for something to ease the burning. George Wallace was born burning, but instead of leaving home he stayed and set fire to Alabama. By the time he decided to torch the whole country, the age of assassination was upon us. The bullets that failed to kill him did have one profound effect: They quieted him. They tamed him and brought him home.

As I sat in his office, I watched the quietness as I had once watched the anger. He spoke with his eyes closed much of the time, as if he now dwelled beyond this time and place; as if he now used his 63-year-old body merely as a conduit for conveying himself into the everyday present; as if he were no longer interested in the fatigue and suffering of its battered shell. He insisted that his doctors have pronounced him fit. Still, his face twisted with pain and he clutched his side, but he seemed almost not to care. The part of his person that he cares about is somewhere beyond the scarred belly and useless legs. He has turned his body's problems over to some other part of himself in the same way that he delegates the everyday problems of office and transportation to his employees. Other more urgent concerns engage him now, and when he talks of them, the old light comes into his eyes and the cadence returns to his voice.

He now talks of history, for example. He once told Marshall Frady, who wrote an utterly unauthorized biography of him during the 1960's, "Now, we don't stop and figger, we don't think about history or theories or none of that. We just go ahead. Hell, history can take care of itself."

It is not as if Mr. Wallace had gone to the mountaintop and returned with a philosophic scheme or a vision of the world. But he seems at last to have come into contact with history in some personal way. He is aware, as he once never was, that an entire history has happened to the people of his place.

Josephine Ayers, wife of the newspaper publisher at Anniston, a Southern leader in the theater and a deep-seated opponent of (Continued on Page 44)

Whose Park Is It, Anyway?



Gentle boaters row by Central Park's Bethesda Fountain at the turn of the century.

From bicyclists to ballplayers to bird watchers, everyone considers Central Park his personal turf — which is why the ambitious plans to restore it have aroused such controversy.

By Elizabeth Hawes

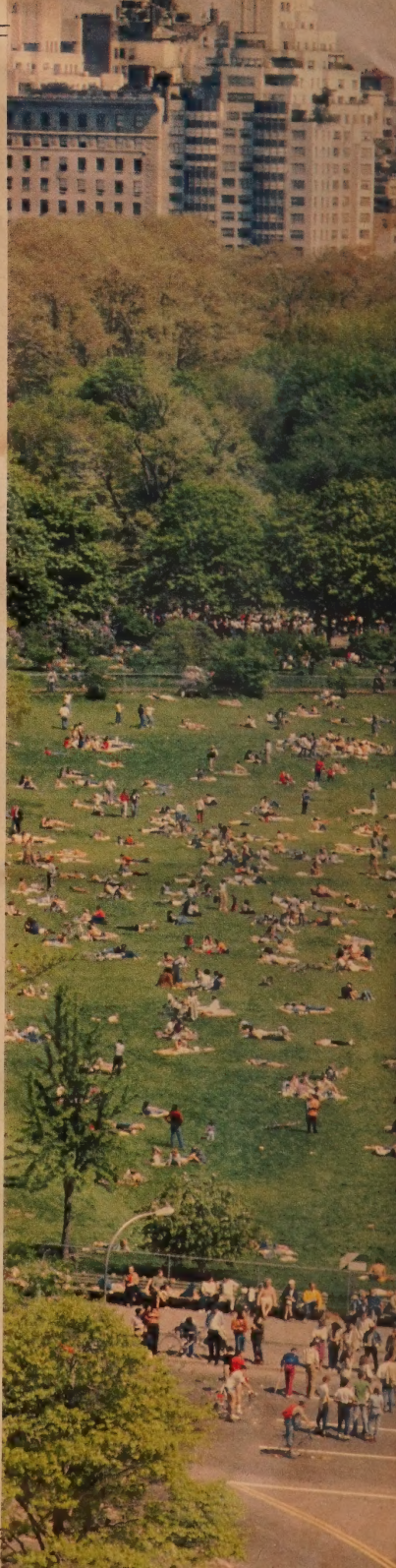
On the third floor of the red-brick fortress called the Arsenal, at 64th and Fifth, in Central Park, Gordon J. Davis, commissioner of the Department of Parks and Recreation, is making plans for next month's opening celebration of Belvedere Castle. Two floors below, Elizabeth Barlow, administrator of Central Park, inspects plans for rebuilding a rustic shelter. In the basement, Geraldine Weinstein, the Central Park horticulturalist, reviews fall plantings. On a golden late-summer day, happy sounds from the zoo bubble up into the building. The atmosphere in the department, however, is not recreational. For the everyday work of the historical restoration of Central Park is full of plans and promise and, just as likely, full of troubles.

The restoration of the park, the largest historical

restoration ever attempted in this country, is an idea that has been in the air for decades. Since 1979, Davis and Barlow have made it official city business. Its goals are lofty — the renewal of the physical beauty of the park as originally envisioned by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, yet integrated with contemporary social and recreational uses; and the effort is monumental — 10 years in all and an estimated \$100 million. It is, by common consent, a noble project.

There, however, unanimity ends. Central Park is and always has been sacred ground, and New Yorkers feel personal, possessive and protective about the 840-acre oasis of green that was set aside 126 years ago as a public preserve. It is their backyard, their exposure to Nature and, for many, their only accessible alternative to the grid of city life.

Central Park is both a necessity and a luxury for rich and poor alike. This has always been so. Back in 1903, Henry James revisited his native country and, seeking to define the importance of the park, wrote, "You are perfectly aware . . . that you have, as a traveled person, beheld more remarkable sce-



Elizabeth Hawes writes frequently about New York City.



KIDNAPING THE NEW YORK TIMES



Renovation of the fanciful Belvedere Castle, overlooking the Ramble, will be celebrated next month.

nery and communed with nature in ampler and fairer forms; but it is quite equally definite to you that none of those adventures have counted more to you for experience, for stirred sensibility [than] to pass from the discipline of the streets to this so different many-smiling presence."

Over the years, as the tides of population have rolled up to, around and beyond Central Park, the problems and stresses of urban living have pressed in hard on the park. A casual stroll at twilight or a late-night picnic are no longer undertaken with impunity, despite increased efforts to patrol and light the park's paths. The nature of recreation has changed, too, as active sports have replaced contemplative Victorian walks, and cars and joggers have supplanted victorias and broughams on the roads. But special, proprietary feelings about the park have not changed.

A century and a quarter's worth of special interests has given rise to a thousand threats to Central Park — raceways, circuses, cemeteries, housing projects, landing fields — and a thousand responses proclaiming every foot inviolate. And in the course of making its way from an idea to an actuality, the restoration has become a hotbed of popular politics, as each constituent of the park — the athlete, the horticulturalist, the bird watcher, the historian, the sun bather, the esthete — asserts his right to his turf and to his personal vision of the park's purpose.

The present park administrators listen to these voices, because one of their goals in the restoration is to preserve the democratic nature of Central Park. Olmsted referred to it as a people's park, for it was his strong conviction — as it is Gordon Davis's — that an urban park in America should perform a social as well as an esthetic function. Central Park was created for the use of the general public, rather than as an aristocratic preserve.

The park now bears the brunt of its inherently accommodating nature, and the needs and pleasures of its users are often in conflict. While one devotee may prize a soccer field, another will feel as strongly about that very terrain for kite flying; one person's meadow for quiet reading is another's for bongo drumming; transistor radios intrude on bucolic strolls.

The ardor of the various park constituents amounts to a testament of need and affection for the park, but it is also proving a difficult lesson in democracy for the Parks Department as it proceeds with the restoration.

When Gordon Davis first came to his post in 1978, the future of the park was in question. Davis, who is 41, black and a graduate of Harvard Law School, held a planning post in (Continued on Page 36)

Yesterday's decorum is gone, but Central Park still exemplifies the ideals of Jacksonian democracy.

A Woman's Life in the



The Rev. Martha Blacklock meditates in a small chapel at St. Clement's in New York City. As vicar, she pursues an unorthodox ministry, using both liturgy and theater to

Priesthood



provide people with "a taste of what is traditionally known as the communion of God."

The more than 500 women ordained as Episcopal priests are redefining the church's mission—and their own.

By Marion Knox Barthelme

Twenty years ago, Martha Blacklock went to England for a contemplative vacation. She was trying to decide whether or not to become an Episcopal nun. "I made long lists of reasons why I should or should not. The 'Yes' side was plenteous, yet the answer kept coming out 'No,'" she says. "It sounds hokey, but literally in the middle of a worship service, I had this thought—it was very clear—that I should go to a seminary and seek ordination as a priest. So I came back to this country and the following year started seminary."

It was an act of great faith. At the time, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States did not permit the ordination of women. Although a sometimes angry debate had been going on for years, it was not until 1976 that the church agreed to allow women into the priesthood, and then the decision was a consequence of the illegal priesting two years earlier in Philadelphia of 11 women by four defiant bishops. When the church moved to regularize the bishops' actions, the step was seen by many, including New York's Bishop Paul A. Moore Jr., as "one of the most important things we've done in this century." This despite fears that the step would divide the church's membership and jeopardize a possible union with the staunchly patriarchal Roman Catholic Church. Most of all, there was the uncertainty of not knowing whether God had, in fact, meant women to be ministers of His Holy Spirit.

Today there are more than 500 female Episcopal priests in the United States, and the Diocese of New York has 52 of them. Most of the women serve as curates, social workers, hospital chaplains, psychoanalysts and cathedral staff. Very few have parishes of their own. Those who do tend to have small ones, or those with a specialized ministry of some sort.

In New York City, only three women head their own congregations. Two of them minister in more or less traditional fashion. The third, 42-year-old Martha Blacklock, is at St. Clement's, an experimental church-theater on Manhattan's West 46th Street, where for the last two years she has been pursuing new methods of spreading the message of the Gospel in a way that will make it more relevant to those who have ceased responding to conventional forms of worship.

As she does, she must also deal with dissensions deriving from the conflicting goals of the church and the theater within its walls. The arts people at St. Clement's have recently become quite open in expressing their fears of impending incursions on their bailiwick, contending that church input into the content or conduct of their work would violate their artistic integrity; some have even invoked a variation of the concept of the separation of church and state. But Martha Blacklock, who has an as yet unused veto power over what is performed at St. Clement's, believes that if the theater is merely secular, it should not be a program of the church. As she grapples with this problem, which touches at the heart of her very special ministry, Miss Blacklock is not unaware that "St. Clement's has outraged

Marion Knox Barthelme is a freelance writer based in New York City.

MARTHA BLACKLOCK



The illegal "priesting" of 11 women by defiant Episcopal bishops in 1974 (above) was not regularized by the church until 1976.

'We can't add to Scripture,' says the Rev. Susan Harriss, who is sometimes addressed as 'Father Susan,' 'but we can maneuver it with women's experience so that our understanding of God widens to include us.'

some people in the past, because of the kinds of things we've done, particularly the adventures with the liturgy."

"I don't mind doing something which permits people to come into the church out of curiosity," she says. "There's a hunger for the experience of God which just gets hungrier as it's nourished."

□

Clinton, the neighborhood around St. Clement's, was once Irish and Italian Roman Catholic working class, and widely known as Hell's Kitchen, after the gunmen and thieves who operated there earlier in the century. Today it is chiefly Hispanic and slowly underdoing gentrification, with a mix of semichic theater-restaurants, bodegas, trash-filled streets and sweat-equity restoration projects. On a warm summer's afternoon, I walked west between Ninth and 10th Avenues, past four or five good-natured beer-drinkers loudly kidding a friend who was having his hair cut on the sidewalk. When I reached No. 423, I climbed the steep steps that led to the small red arched door that serves as the church's entrance and pressed the buzzer.

The woman who answered the door was wearing faded jeans, leather sandals and a long-sleeved black shirt with a priest's white collar. Pinned to her shirt was the insignia of the Episcopal Peace Fellowship, a combined cross and peace symbol. The Rev. Martha Blacklock is tall and athletic-looking, with fair skin, blue eyes and shaggy reddish hair. An all-but faded scar, from an adolescent car accident, runs from her left cheekbone to under her chin. After an exchange of

greetings and a detour to an ice-cream truck for refreshment, she lead me inside the building, where we were joined by Stephen Berwind, the 30-year-old managing director of the church's theater component. The three of us set off on a tour of the physical plant during which Miss Blacklock assessed repair needs in response to the church's latest crisis — 20 citations from the New York City Fire Department.

"The Fire Department is irritated because they think we are a theater pretending to be a church," Miss Blacklock explained. "Normal churches don't look like this." (In fact, St. Clement's is housed in a former Presbyterian edifice, chiefly distinguished by two sets of arched stained-glass windows, matching arched entrances and a rather unambitious tower.)

"I don't mind them telling us we have to do certain things because St. Clement's is also used as a theater," she continued. "But don't tell me it's not a church. Actually, it's a piece of cheese — but you don't see the trap until you're caught."

"The Fire Department aside, our neighbors don't quite consider us a church, either," she said. "We're a noisy place where people are building sets, running Skilsaws at 2 o'clock in the morning."

As we walked about, Miss Blacklock noted peeling plaster, a hole in the boiler-room wall, broken toilets, a stove that needed a vent and theater lights in want of rewiring. The sprinkler system required by the Fire Department will, she said, cost more than \$17,000, a sizable sum for the financially strapped church.

The building's spacious first level

contains dressing rooms and a small theater. The sanctuary, on the second floor, has tiers of black plastic seats facing what is alternately space for worship and the theater's main stage. The third floor, once the vicarage (Miss Blacklock makes her home in an apartment nearby), is now office space, and when she finished her inspection, she led me to her own office, crowded with files, books, a desk and typewriter, hammers and wrenches, and, off in a corner, a small stone, headless statue of St. Clement, the church's patron saint, who was an early Bishop of Rome.

S

t. Clement's is, technically, not a parish but a mission (though the hope is that it may someday again become a self-supporting parish, as it was when it moved to its present location 62 years ago), and Martha Blacklock is a vicar, not a rector. The only religious constant at St. Clement's nowadays is that the Eucharist is celebrated every Sunday. A prayer book is not always used, and members of the congregation, taking turns, frequently work out their own liturgies for the weekly services. Miss Blacklock, who tends to be informal, sometimes wears an alb, a loose white robe, while administering the Eucharist, sometimes ordinary clothing, but always the stole, emblem of her priesthood.

"One of the reasons I'm here," Miss

Blacklock said, "is because I think the symbols which the church uses are, by and large, often inadequate or irrelevant. We need to find new ones."

"Church services don't call on the critical faculties," she continued; "in fact, they put them to sleep. The gospels are very clear about what God has in mind, but when it's all sung magnificently in beautiful settings, the message blurs. The New Testament, and a great deal of the Old Testament, is the most revolutionary stuff you can hear, if you can hear it."

Steve Berwind rejoined us to report a problem involving the church's poetry workshop. The poet and feminist Robin Morgan was scheduled to read and there was a rehearsal conflict. When that had been resolved, Miss Blacklock leaned forward and said: "I'm interested in something that enables a person to get a taste of what is traditionally called the communion of God, that conveys the fact that reality is something upon which you can base hope. I'm trying to suggest the existence of the possibility of redemption. This is what liturgy is about, and could be what theater's about. The word 'gospel' means good news and it's the church's job to go out and spread the news. We don't have to be God's Spirit, we just have to be the body that makes sure the church is here. Through it, God will act or reveal Himself."

□

Martha Blacklock's first associations with the Episcopal Church were in Concordville, Penn., 20 miles outside Philadelphia, where she grew up. Her father, Carl Gobel, was, she said, "what's called a perpetual deacon, someone who's ordained but goes on with secular employment" — in his case, buying and selling steel. (The father-daughter surname difference dates back to the early 1970's, when Martha Gobel took the name of a great-grandmother, "the most interesting member of that generation.")

"We lived in a 16-room pre-Revolutionary house which my parents, who now live in Arizona, were constantly restoring," Miss Blacklock related. "My mother didn't go to church. On Sundays she would say, 'I don't know why you go. It doesn't improve your behavior or disposition one bit.'"

Loud laughter from the street interrupted her recollections. She got up to look out the window. "The haircuts," she explained before resuming.

"When I was 14, I went to St. John Baptist School, a boarding school in Mendham, N.J., run by a bunch of Anglican nuns who belonged to an order founded in 1852, and who still wear habits down to their ankles and live under a rule written by a Victorian clergyman."

"The school was good for me, though, in contradictory ways. I was an only child," she explained, "and I rebelled with the usual adolescent vigor because of what seemed to me to be a lot of hypocrisy in the church. After I graduated, I stayed away from the church for 13 years."

"When I was in my early 20's, I wrote to Robert DeWitt, the Bishop of (Continued on Page 26)

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PRIEST

Continued from Page 22

Pennsylvania, requesting excommunication. He wrote a marvelous letter back saying that my questions were real but that he couldn't excommunicate me. He suggested that I

visit a priest near my home. I ended up doggedly appearing at a Quaker meeting every Sunday for a year."

Her early job experiences were more than a little varied. After leaving Baldwin-Wallace College, she worked as a medical librarian assistant in Philadelphia. A graduate degree in creative writing, acquired at the University of Montana, lead to a job with a firm in Seattle, where, she

says, "I wrote advertising copy and played little games, such as saying, 'I'm not going to write anything for Boeing because they're making airplanes that are bombing Vietnamese people.'" A job as a general laborer followed. "Then I got a scholarship as a potter, which I really loved. The only problem was that it seemed kind of precious in the 20th century. On the other hand, I was creating beautiful

things. Almost enough, but not quite."

Thinking she "was going to do good," Miss Blacklock went to work for the Washington state welfare department. "It was an ugly time," she says. "A theory of psychology called 'reality therapy' had been adopted by the state's welfare system. It went: 'You poor? Don't have enough money? Can't earn enough? Well, it's all your own decision.'"

She quit and went back East, intending to spend some time at a Quaker study center near Philadelphia. "I was 32 and thought I'd better get serious about my life. Instead of the study center, I wound up at my old school," which is also a retreat center. "There I discovered that it really was possible to believe the stuff the convent had been teaching."

A telephone call at that point ended with her laughingly chiding the caller: "Oh, so your plan is to move mountains."

When she resumed, she said that she liked the focus and the clarity of St. John's. "There's a whole community of people who say, 'This is what we're about, and we structure our lives in such a way that we can do it best.'"

"The conversion? It was like — well, you know how you can go into a room and forget why, yet the moment you see the thing you were after, you recognize it instantly."

The Protestant Episcopal Church, which evolved from the Church of England, incorporates Protestant and Roman Catholic, ancient and reformed, liberal and conservative traditions. Inherent in its theology are a belief in the Scriptures, the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds, baptism and communion, with the church's authority resting with a General Convention, a bicameral legislative body of bishops and clergy and laity, which meets every three years.

Despite a firmly established tradition of a totally male priesthood, nothing in Episcopal church law has actually ever prohibited the ordination of women. The question was first raised in modern times by James A. Pike, Bishop of California, who in 1965 ordained a woman in a manner then canonically illegal into the deaconate, a necessary preliminary to priesthood. Five years later the General Convention voted to follow his lead, but said nothing about raising women to the priesthood, whose members are the only ones empowered to celebrate the Eucharist, pronounce God's blessing and give absolution.

Martha Blacklock began her studies for the priesthood by entering the General Theological Seminary on Ninth Avenue in New York in 1973. "Some of the male students made you feel that you were there on sufferance," she recalls, "but I was very close to others." In her senior year, when she was president of the student body, she did a crafts ministry in what was then the Church of the Holy Communion, setting up her pottery wheel in the transept. "It was," she said, "like a guild church in the old English sense."

In January 1977, Martha Blacklock was ordained a priest, at her old school, St. John's. "Some of the nuns there would probably prefer never to receive communion from a woman, but in some ways they were family



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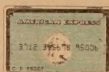
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and they filed in. They had, however, already celebrated communion and, even if they wanted to, couldn't take it again that day from me. John Spong, now Bishop of the Diocese of Newark, ordained me. With only a bit of malice on my part, we divided the Eucharist prayer so that each of us spoke separately, and I stuck him with all the 'Fathers.'

When the Diocese of Newark offered work, Miss Blacklock felt she ought to accept because it had sponsored her as a candidate for ordination. She was in Newark for about four years, at first, editing the diocesan monthly; next, as an archdeacon on the Bishop's staff, and then, as rector of St. Barnabas, a black parish. "I'm sure they would have liked a black rector," she says when asked about her relations with the congregation, "but there aren't many. Still, we cared for each other very deeply. At some point, you realize that caring and fundamental agreement about how you do things are not identical."

When the possibility of going to St. Clement's arose, she said she had some conflict about it. "I was in the middle of a city that desperately needs political and social action — God cares very much whether people eat or not. But I'm also drawn to a more abstract, theoretical, arts-oriented kind of ministry. It seemed to me that my own strengths would be more useful at St. Clement's."

In the early 1960's, when Wynn Handmann, a co-founder of the American Place Theater, was beginning to talk about a theater that would produce new works by American writers, Sidney Lanier, an assistant rector at St. Thomas's on New York's Fifth Avenue, asked to be given a church-theater ministry at St. Clement's. Mr. Lanier wanted to explore a theatrically oriented liturgy as a means of refreshing the standard form of worship. The two concepts combined, a stage was set up in the sanctuary of St. Clement's and Sunday church services were held on a moveable altar in the middle of sets for various plays. When American Place moved to its own building in 1971, the church carried on as Theater at St. Clement's.

In time, the church became a home for several dance groups and a poetry workshop and a temporary shelter for the Bread and Puppet Theater and the Open Eye Company, as well as a showcase for both established and unknown playwrights.

The small congregation, which seldom has numbered more than 25, was actively in-

volved in the theatrical projects. A strong communal social consciousness developed, along with organized opposition to the Vietnam War. Some services became political happenings. "If the congregation didn't like something that was being said, they told people, right in the middle of the service," says one communicant of the time.

But in the years just before Martha Blacklock's arrival, the organizational structure had become so weak, she says, "that there was no clear sense that the theater was a function of the church. There was crisis after crisis. The theater administrator would go to the St. Clement's board — whose members included nonchurchgoers — and say: 'Help! To keep going we've got to have \$10,000, or \$40,000.' And the church board would say, 'Here it is,' until it started wondering why it was pouring its last dime into the theater."

When asked about conflicting goals shortly before his recent resignation as artistic director, Michael Hodge said: "I think good art and theater are religious. We do realistic plays that get into human values and relationships. I didn't come here to go to church. I came to do theater, to which the church has made a commitment. But," he went on, "guidelines are being laid down that could present problems for theater people. The real aim of the church should be to build a congregation. I don't know why it isn't growing. I've been told that the services are boring."

Others feel that Martha Blacklock has slowly begun to attract a congregation which, though still small, is constant, faithful and interested in one day becoming a full-fledged parish with control of the uses to which its building is put at any particular time. Rising to her defense, Brooke Bushong, a teacher and church treasurer, says: "If Martha hadn't had to spend so much time getting the building up to code, she might have been more creative, and got around more in the community. Her focus is people's spiritual development." Marjorie Christie, a lay woman on the executive council of the national Episcopal Church, says that "Martha's strongest point is her preaching. It's thoughtful, theologically sensitive, to the point."

Support comes also from New York's Bishop Moore. "Martha's a very steady, tough person, in the best sense of the word tough," he says. "She is a fine priest, very liberal," who has showed skill in handling a multiplicity of problems. "She put up a nice fight with the Fire Department," for ex-

ample. (When the department closed the church for multiple violations in January 1981, Miss Blacklock held services on the street. The resulting publicity rallied the local community behind a clean-up effort that had the congregation back inside in nine days.)

Although the church board is the dominant operating structure, Miss Blacklock says that she is not interested in church control of the theater, but she does believe that the arts should be a means to spiritual development. "If we're partners and the partnership is the church, then I think everybody has a responsibility to say we're looking for God, to make what we have found available to other people, to put it in their way, so that they might be led to want it."

For Susan Harriss, a 30-year-old Episcopal priest who serves as chaplain to Bishop Moore, the cutting edge for women priests is the parish. "That's where you get in touch with people's attitudes. The Western Christian religious tradition manifests a tremendous desire to rise out of the body in order to worship God. On the other hand, women more or less symbolize the body. When you bring it in and dress it up like a priest, people get confused."

In addition to Martha Blacklock, two other women Episcopal priests have their own congregations in New York City: 44-year-old Columba Gilliss, rector of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf on East 16th Street, and 37-year-old Carol Anderson, of the traditional All Angels' Church on West 80th Street. Miss Gilliss, who was one of the first women to be ordained as a priest, thinks that "if people grow up seeing both men and women perform a range of roles in the church, their associations will be different from people who have seen only men perform those roles."

She explains: "A burial service offered by a very pregnant woman would present the whole death-birth cycle. Baptism is another such rite. What the man does is so clean, so different from the real birth process, with pure water in place of blood, perhaps rose petals instead of water, because water looks too much like amniotic fluid. The first time I saw a woman baptize her own baby I realized there was a real claiming of power."

When asked if she has had difficulty in asserting her priestly authority, Miss Gilliss — whose deaf parishioners sign her as "Rev Gilliss," but who prefers the title "Mother Gilliss" — said she never has any problems with

Toward the Workless Economy

Human labor from time immemorial has held status as the principal factor of production. To reduce the input of labor—to ease man's labor—has supplied the economic drive to more than two centuries of industrial revolution.

First the steam engine, then the steam turbine and the internal combustion engine displaced human muscle from the tasks of production. Starting from 1820, when 70 percent of the U.S. population lived on the farm, employment in agriculture has declined to less than 4 percent of the labor force. As late as 1900, 70 percent of the population were still employed in the production of goods, 22 percent in the new manufacturing industries. Today less than 30 percent of the labor force are employed in production; more than 70 percent are in the new service occupations.

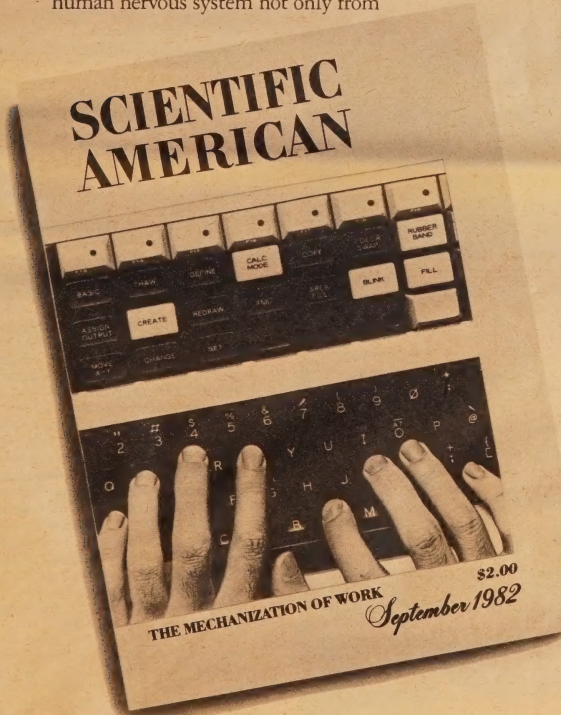
The industrial revolution has recently entered a new phase: self-regulating machines and the computer and communication technologies are displacing the human nervous system not only from

its role in production processes but from service occupations as well. The change of phase is sensed, with some apprehension, in the popular celebration of "automation" and of arrival of the "robots" (from Japan, of course).

There is reason to believe that human labor is losing and will not retain in the future its economic significance as the principal factor of production.

That is why **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** has devoted its annual single-topic September issue this year to the Mechanization of Work. In articles by authors actively engaged in the on-going revolution, this issue explores the diversity of technologies that have transformed and go on transforming the nature of work in agriculture and in the other extractive industries, in the continuous-process industries, in design and manufacturing in commerce and in the services. The authors review the history of the impact of these developments upon the way people make their livings and frame the questions that confront the values and the institutions of the progressively workless economy of the U.S. and other industrial nations.

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her congregation. "But on the outside world, I certainly do. It takes people a while to understand that I am the boss and not the secretary."

Her colleague, Carol Anderson, since coming to All Angels' Church in 1979, has concentrated on teaching her growing congregation basic orthodox Christianity.

"Now we have a lot of Ivy League grads who work on Wall Street," she

said between sips of lunchtime coffee. "People around here have tried everything and are now turning to religion."

She stopped and considered for a moment before saying: "The Episcopal Church has a larger percentage of wealthy people and people in leadership positions than any other Christian denomination. If you put together the memberships of two or three of

the East Side parishes in New York, you have something like the Fortune 500. Part of the church's mission should be to mobilize its membership toward making changes—in the city, in the world. A lot of people think that the church has no business meddling in politics, and they become very secular when it comes to something like nuclear disarmament. But if I understand the Bible, one is a Christian

and an American second. The dependence upon arms, upon military power, is an idolatry of vast proportions. It suggests, as well, that God is not capable of ruling the universe."

□

When asked to give her concept of the deity, Martha Blacklock admits that she gets into "real trouble" in trying to visualize God. "It's not a goddess or some androgynous entity," she says. "The traditional ingrained one is a male, so I attempt not to embody God."

A demasculinization of the image of God through the wording of the liturgy is one of the side effects women as priests have had in the church in general, where a conscious effort is now made to find alternatives to male pronouns.

Some parish clergy and liturgy committees in the United States have adapted language changes that reflect this growing sensitivity to gender inclusiveness. Others, in some rough fashion, change the words as they go along. The Roman Catholic Church has recently decided to omit the generic use of "man" in its liturgy, and a revision of the Episcopal hymnal, along similar lines, is in progress.

Martha Blacklock says that it did not bother her when she was growing up to hear "Lord" and "He," but "I was aware that I couldn't do certain things—be an acolyte, for instance." She feels that "the women who were irregularly ordained went through a lot of grief because the Episcopal Church is one in which order is almost holier than God."

Women wanting to enter the priesthood now still encounter difficulties. "In the Episcopal Church, where the diocese is the primary unit of structure," Miss Blacklock says, "if the bishop doesn't want women priests, then there aren't going to be any in his diocese. A bishop has almost absolute power."

There are, however, ways to circumvent unfriendly dioceses. "The standing committee in Newark, for example," Miss Blacklock explains, "has made a policy decision that it will serve as a stop on what we call 'the underground railroad,' accepting transfers from another diocese without insisting on residency requirements. In one case, a Chicago woman applied for ordination in Newark, then she transferred back to Chicago as a priest and was employed there. Byzantine.

"A lot of people still do not believe that women are really priests, or even proper material for ordination," Miss Blacklock continues. "This kind of position is held by some of the most important bishops in the Episcopal Church in this country, including the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin."

Despite continuing resistance, attitudes within the church are changing, or at least being rethought. "It used to be that the laity were seen as consumers," Miss Blacklock says. "What I feel now, based on the Scripture, is that anyone's vocation is as much a ministry as mine is; mine just happens to be more liturgical. The church is here to help people understand more deeply how their particular vocations relate to God, and to everything else."

(Continued on Page 38)



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A short while ago, we made a slightly unusual experiment with the sauce, and found the results quite interesting and respectable. The traditional thing to do when a *beurre blanc* is cooked is to put the sauce in a sieve, or what is known in French kitchens as a *chinois* (a very fine-meshed sieve), pushing the sauce and solids — shallots — to extract as much liquid as possible. On this occasion, we put the sauce into the container of an electric blender and blended thoroughly. The result was a slightly thicker sauce, but, partly because of the “new” texture, quite desirable. This is one of the few instances, inci-

dentally, when a blender produces better results than a food processor. The blender yields a finer texture.

In any event, for those who wish to try a *beurre blanc* — with or without the blender — we produced three dishes that go extremely well with the sauce. We also made two versions of the basic sauce, one with vinegar and one with white wine. Furthermore, we created two variations in flavor for the basic sauce, one with curry and a second with finely chopped herbs. These sauces are, incidentally, very good for warm-weather dining.

Filets de poissons à la vapeur au beurre blanc

(Steamed fish fillets with white butter sauce)

- 4 boneless fish fillets such as striped bass, red snapper and so on, about ½ pound each
Salt to taste, if desired
Freshly ground pepper to taste
1 tablespoon finely chopped herbs

such as fresh basil or tarragon
Beurre blanc (see recipe).

1. Place the fish fillets skin side down in the top of a steamer. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with chopped basil or tarragon.
2. Pour water in the bottom of the steamer and bring to a high boil.
3. Place the steamer top securely over the boiling water and cover closely. Let steam about three to five minutes. Steaming time will depend on the thickness of the fillets.
4. Serve with hot white butter sauce.

Yield: Four servings.

Homards grillés aubeurre blanc

(Grilled lobsters with white butter sauce)

- 4 live lobsters, about 1¼ pounds each
Salt to taste, if desired
Freshly ground pepper to taste
1 tablespoon corn, peanut or vegetable oil
½ teaspoon paprika
Beurre blanc (see recipe).

1. Preheat a charcoal grill or preheat the broiler to high.
2. Split the lobsters in half. Remove the tough sac near the eyes of each lobster. Remove the claws and crack them.
3. Sprinkle the split portion of the lobsters with salt and pepper. Brush with oil. Sprinkle each lobster with an equal amount of paprika.
4. Arrange the claws and the lobster halves, split side down, on the grill or under the broiler. If the grill is used, cover it. Grill or broil about three minutes and turn all the pieces. Grill about four minutes.
5. Turn the lobsters and claws and continue grilling about one minute longer. Serve with hot white butter sauce.

Yield: Four servings.

Crevettes en brochettes au beurre blanc

(Grilled shrimp with white butter sauce)

- 32 shrimp, about 1¼ pounds, peeled and deveined
Salt to taste, if desired
Freshly ground pepper to taste
2 tablespoons imported mustard
2 tablespoons corn, peanut or vegetable oil
Beurre blanc (see recipe).

1. Preheat a charcoal grill or preheat the broiler to high.
2. Sprinkle the shrimp with salt and pepper. Arrange eight of them neatly

on each of four skewers so that they lie flat and touching. Brush on both sides with mustard.

3. Arrange them on a baking dish. Brush the shrimp on both sides with oil.
4. Place the skewered shrimp on the grill or the broiler about five inches from the source of heat. Grill or broil about one and one-half minutes on one side and turn. Continue grilling or broiling from one and one-half to two minutes.
5. Serve with hot white butter sauce.

Yield: Four servings.

Beurre blanc au vin blanc

(White butter sauce with white wine)

- ¼ cup finely chopped shallots
½ cup dry white wine
10 tablespoons butter, cut into 14 thin slices
Salt to taste, if desired
Freshly ground pepper to taste.

1. Combine the shallots and wine in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Cook over high heat until the liquid has almost but not wholly evaporated.
2. Quickly add the butter a few slices at a time, stirring rapidly with a wire whisk. The sauce will thicken. Add salt and pepper to taste.
3. Strain the sauce, if desired. Or, if preferred, pour and scrape the unstrained sauce into the container of an electric blender (a food processor may be used, but it is not as effective) and blend on high speed.
4. Return the sauce to the saucepan and reheat. Serve as desired.

Yield: Four to eight servings.

Beurre blanc au vinaigre

(White butter sauce with vinegar)

- ¼ cup finely chopped shallots
2 tablespoons water
3 tablespoons white- or red-wine vinegar
¼ cup heavy cream
8 tablespoons butter, cut into 12 thin slices
Salt to taste, if desired
Freshly ground pepper to taste.

1. Combine the shallots, water and vinegar in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Cook over high heat until the liquid is almost, but not wholly, evaporated. Add the cream and return to the heat. Cook down over high heat about one minute or until reduced by about half.
2. Quickly add the butter a few

(Continued on Page 35)



Left: Paloma Picasso, the jewelry designer, in Azzedine Alaïa's black cotton-jersey cocktail dress flounced in red raffia and worn with raffia-cuffed black leather gloves.

Right: Nathalie Baye, the French actress, wears a "little black dress" by Azzedine that drapes over the posterior.



EXPANDED HORIZONS FOR AZZEDINE ALAIA

A much-admired French designer, but one who has made clothes for only a select few, is about to have his first fashion show.



Above: Nicole Crassat, an editor at the French fashion magazine *Elle*, in Azzedine's scarf-collared, ribbed sweater and a slim suede skirt with fin tail.



Left: Andrée Putman, the interior designer, wears Azzedine's black jersey dress with body-molding details in topstitching and zippers.

One of the best-kept fashion secrets in Paris will be revealed in New York Wednesday at Bergdorf Goodman when Azzedine Alaia presents his first fashion show.

For the past two years, it has been nearly impossible to pick up a French fashion magazine without viewing something by Azzedine, as he is known. It has been equally impossible to find his clothes, with the exception of a few accessories, in any boutique. The address given for Azzedine's business — 60 rue de Bellechasse — is his apartment.

There, over the years — and he won't say how many — this tiny, Tunisian-born designer has had the luxury of dressing only women whom he likes and considers friends. Although he is not a name-dropper per se, the names do flow when he speaks: "Cécile de Rothschild, who brought Garbo; Simone Zerbuss [wife of the noted French architect], who brought Rosaline Cesar [wife of the sculptor]; Louise de Vilmorin. . . ."

Now, clients are starting to drop his name. Paloma Picasso, the jewelry designer, has been a fan for several seasons, as has Andrée Putman, the internationally known interior designer. Nathalie Baye, one of France's most important young actresses, puts up with his scoldings about not projecting an image of glamour when she appears in public.

"He told me that if I must wear blue jeans, at least to wear a sexy garter belt under them so I'd feel glamorous," she says with a laugh. After he created one of his body-molding dresses for her to wear to the awards dinner at the Cannes film festival last spring, she changed it at the last moment for something less spectacular. The result was another scolding from Alaia.

"Getting dressed is something you have to do, like eating or drinking," says Azzedine. "If you think fashion doesn't count, life becomes boring. I like to dress women who have enthusiasm for the clothes they wear. If you are happy with what you are wearing, you will feel different."

As for his own approach to clothes, he wears the same thing every day — a black silk Chinese jacket, black pants and Chinese gymnast shoes. His indispensable accessory: a 3½-year-old Yorkshire terrier, Patte à Pouf, tucked into a canvas saddlebag and worn bandolier-style across his body.

Azzedine trained as a sculptor at the Ecole

(Continued on Page 35)



Azzedine Alaia.



The bandeau around this strapless black dress is one of the more spectacular examples of the use of studs by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé. The jacket is completely studded. \$3,260. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

NAILING DOWN A NEW FASHION

Glitter is glamorous, and this season many designers are providing it by using a profusion of metal studs, chunky rhinestones and colorful stones. It might be called the 'embroidery' of the 1980's.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BONNIE WEST FAR LEFT, KEN PROBST

Halston's suede evening jacket is sprinkled with silver studs, as is its belt. \$1,250. At Bergdorf Goodman. John Flynt, Nashville.



This black satin dress by Fernando Sanchez features studded gauntlet cuffs and a separate studded hood. The dress is \$750; the hood, \$300. At Henri Bendel. Special order at Bergdorf Goodman. Neiman-Marcus. Amen Wardy, Newport Beach, Calif. Hattie, Birmingham, Mich.

FASHION

Continued from Page 33

des Beaux-Arts in Tunis. Watching him tug and pat one of his dresses onto a body reveals how much of his original career he has carried into his fashion.

"The base of all fashion is the body," he says. "I love clothes that make a woman look more beautiful. When I create, I always imagine a woman on the move — walking, getting into or out of a car, sitting — and this sets off something in my head."

Signatures of his clothes are seams or zippers, or panels of leather and suede that hug the contours of the body "like a serpent wrapping itself around your body," as Nathalie Baye puts it.

Another signature is the little black dress. "When I was a child growing up in Tunis, I loved to look through fashion magazines. Ultimately, I came to Paris for fashion. To me, Parisian fashion is the little black dress, but done with a bit of humor. One of my favorites is completely covered up in front, with the back bare. In it, a woman looks very severe; but when a man bends to kiss her, he gets that flash of bare back."

Gestures, too, are part of the myth Azzedine weaves around women. For example, he believes that gloves lend themselves to infinite mysteries: "Just the gesture of pulling off a glove, or carrying gloves or putting them on the table in front of you — gloves have such a personality."

It was a pair of gloves — black kid wrist-length gauntlets with the cuffs completely studded with silver grommets — that pushed Azzedine into his present success. Chic Parisians snapped them up and wore them tucked into their belts or into pockets.

But how is it that he came to present his first fashion show in New York? Dawn Mello, the executive vice president and director of fashion merchandising at Bergdorf Goodman, who flew to Paris this summer to entice him here, explains: "I went because I think his clothes look right now, and there are so many American women who are looking for these kinds of clothes. There is a whole generation of young women who have never worn fitted clothes. Azzedine's are fitted, but they are in no way retrospective — a

throwback to the 1940's or 50's — they are thoroughly modern."

Does he have any regrets that public success has come relatively late in his career? He flashes one of his big grins and says: "Success? I don't spit on it. And the dog loves it. He loves all the interviews. He has even learned to pose for photographers. Success does change you, but it doesn't last. To me, it's more important that people love me. My favorite thing is to be with friends."

Does he have any unfulfilled dreams? "That I never dressed Dietrich. Those old movies of hers, where she'd be lost in the jungle for months and then reappear, impeccable, perfectly groomed, every hair in place and clutching white gloves. She moved in a sublime way." ■

FOOD

Continued from Page 31

slices at a time, stirring constantly with a wire whisk. The sauce will thicken. Add salt and pepper.

3. Strain the sauce, if desired. Or, if preferred, pour and scrape the unstrained sauce into the container of an electric blender (a food processor may be used, but it is not as effective) and blend on high speed.

4. Return the mixture to the saucepan and reheat. Serve as desired.

Yield: Four to six servings.

Beurre blanc au cari (White butter sauce with curry)

1. Prepare the recipe for white butter sauce with white wine but add one tablespoon of curry powder to the raw shallots in the very beginning of the recipe.

Yield: Four to eight servings.

Beurre blanc aux fines herbes (White butter sauce with herbs)

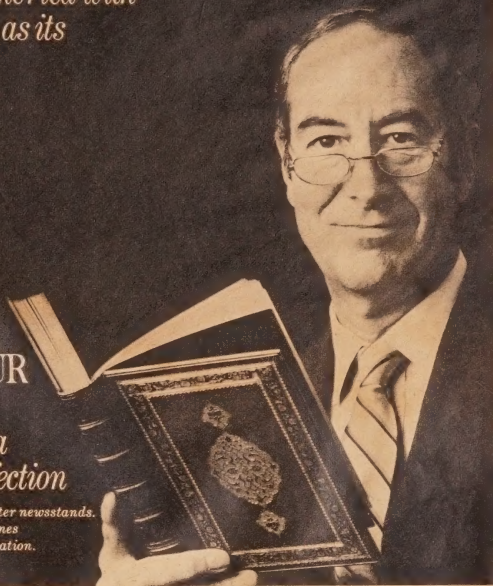
1. Prepare the recipe for white butter sauce with vinegar but add one tablespoon of finely chopped parsley, tarragon, chives or chervil. The herbs may be used individually or combined as available and as desired.

Yield: Four to six servings.

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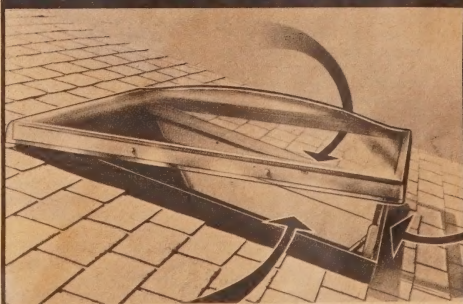
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CENTRAL PARK

Continued from Page 19

the Lindsay administration during the time when then Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving closed the park to cars and opened it to people, politics and festivals. It was a joyous, circuslike era of eat-ins, be-ins and fat-ins, of political rallies, rock concerts and 12 million annual park users. This was followed by the city's fiscal crisis and the draining of park funds, a series of revolving-door commissioners and the absence of any management policy. By the mid-70's, Central Park had become, in Davis's words, "an unattended Frankenstein" and the post of commissioner was "the lowest of the low."

Evidence of better times is visible now all over Central Park. The zoo has been turned over to the New York Zoological Society for complete refurbishing. The Sheep Meadow has new grass and the Belvedere Castle is solid and fitted out with a new tower and pavilions. Urban Park Rangers, dressed like Mounties, on foot and on horseback, counsel the proper use of the park, giving warnings about loud radios and amplified instruments, monitoring the location and skills of portrait painters and clowns. Peppers (Park Enforcement Patrol) in leaf-green trucks chase off three-card monte dealers and purveyors of dollar joints; illegal food vending is forcefully discouraged. Here and there in the park are billboards, explaining works in progress, begging cooperation, elucidating new policy.

This, however, is just the beginning. The restoration is a vast and profoundly complex project, for Central Park is itself a monumental construction, with a structure and an infrastructure, drainage, electrical and lighting systems, architectural elements and a varied organic landscape. In the sense that Central Park is one design unit, the restoration is one project, but in the sense that it is also the sum of hundreds of individual interrelated scenes, it is also hundreds of projects. Elizabeth Barlow calls the restoration "one vision, and countless revisions."

A master plan, which defenders and detractors alike have called for over the years, still does not exist. But Mrs. Barlow has embarked on one which she expects to be complete by January 1984. The plans for the master plan alone almost defy description: topographical surveys,

analyses of ecosystems, historical reports on accessories like signs, lights, benches and playground equipment; studies of vegetation, horticulture and landscaping, past and present; studies of park use; a security analysis and a policy study. Meanwhile, reconstruction continues where designs have been completed, and the people of Central Park, the daily users, rise up, in small and large popular fronts, to advise on and question the work.

There have been conflicts over the southeast corner, the Sheep Meadow and the skating rink, but to date the biggest and most impassioned challenge to the department has arisen over the restoration of the Ramble, a 30-acre miniature forest in the center of the park. On the surface, the issues there are tree-cutting, vistas and preservation of habitat for birds, but deeper, they are the validity of the historic designs, the social function of the area and the process of public review. Inevitably, both the methods and goals of the Parks Department have been brought into question. □

The focus of the criticism has been the office of the administrator of Central Park, Elizabeth Barlow. Davis represents the whole 24,800-acre New York City parks system; he is the politician, the general; and although he is very involved in Central Park, he delegates authority and treats Betsy Barlow like a commissioner.

Betsy Barlow is not the archetypal public servant, for she possesses tastes and social graces more frequently associated with Park Avenue than with City Hall. Her voice carries the musical residue of a southwestern accent, which gives her enthusiasm and eloquence on the subject of the park a rarefied quality. Mrs. Barlow, 46, describes herself as "a park nut." Her deep interest in the park's landscape was fashioned, as she sees it, in a host of ways: a happy childhood outdoors in San Antonio, Tex.; an art history major at Wellesley; a master's degree in city planning at Yale; fledgling careers in painting and journalism while raising two children; and then volunteer work in the park. In 1969, she wrote "The Forests and Wetlands of New York City," about Jamaica Bay and Pelham Bay Parks, and then, intrigued by the idea of designed parks, two more books, one on Frederick Law Olmsted and

the other on Central Park.

By the early 1970's, Mrs. Barlow was deeply involved in the "Save Central Park" movement, which comprised a multitude of advocacy groups — the Parks Council, the Friends of Central Park, the Central Park Community Fund, the Central Park Task Force, among the most prominent — determined to do something about the state of decline into which the park had fallen. The efforts of these groups resulted in a series of privately and federally funded park projects.

When Davis appointed Mrs. Barlow in 1979 — one of his first acts as commissioner was to create her post as well as an equivalent for Prospect Park in Brooklyn — she was executive director of the Central Park Task Force. In four years of activism, she helped engineer a number of volunteer clean-up projects, promoted the idea of a master plan and of steering private philanthropy away from special bequests like clocks and statues and into the more general areas of the park's crucial needs.

As administrator, Mrs. Barlow has expanded and institutionalized this idea by establishing, in 1980, the Central Park Conservancy, a 35-person board of concerned and influential citizens. The Conservancy, which pays Mrs. Barlow's \$46,000 salary, was launched by Mayor Koch when he appointed its chairman, William S. Beinecke, who in turn selected a cross section of New Yorkers to serve three-year terms. The major concern of the Conservancy is to seek private support for park projects, and at a time when public funds are scarce, the Conservancy is remarkably productive. This year, it raised \$2 million, a crucial supplement to a city allotment that is projected to be \$6 million for 1983, but which nonetheless falls far short of restoration costs.

Mrs. Barlow's staff consists mainly of Geraldine Weinstein, a 35-year-old horticulturalist, who is attended by 16 interns, recent college graduates in forestry and horticulture. Her planning team expands to include architects, landscape architects, engineers, horticulturalists, urban sociologists, wildlife and management consultants — hired for both individual projects and the overall designs — and also members of the Parks Department design division, a separate office serving the entire parks system, with whom she works on major capital projects that are at least in part city funded. □

In 1858, when Frederick

Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux presented their winning design called "Greensward," Central Park was a swampy, barren, debris-ridden expanse of no man's land, punctuated by outcroppings of Manhattan's bedrock, several meandering streams, patches of squatters' shanties and, in the center, the Central Reservoir.

Drawing on the traditions of English landscape art, Olmsted, the park's first supervisor, and Vaux, an English-born architect, envisioned an artful blend of pastoral and woodland scenery to offer "a constant suggestion to the imagination of an unlimited range of rural conditions," a *rus en urbe* intended to blot out every trace of the city beyond. They removed or repositioned hundreds of thousands of cartloads of rock; brought in hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of topsoil; created lakes and ponds by rerouting streams and laying 114 miles of pipe; planted four to five million trees, shrubs and vines. Living on the borders of the site and studying its face like portrait painters, the designers produced, to the north, a bold counterpoint of meadows and forested heights and, to the south, a diversity of smaller effects — a Sheep Meadow with a resident flock; a small-scale woodland; skating ponds and a purely formalistic mall. The whole landscape was, Olmsted declared, "a single work of art, framed upon a single noble motive."

Imposed on this "a second physical interpretation. Central Park is baseball diamonds, tennis courts, playgrounds, wading pools, artificial skating rinks, Loeb Boat-house and Delacorte Theater, all of which date from the eventful reign of Robert Moses, parks commissioner from 1934 to 1960.

Faced with the ravages of 60 years of neglect that followed the first several park regimes, Moses, in the first quarter of 1934, mustered a corps of hundreds of architects and thousands of Civil Works Administration workers and completed 1,700 of 1,800 renovation projects, unveiled a new zoo, a Great Lawn, a North Meadow carved into playing fields. He exiled the sheep and turned the sheepfold into an English inn called Tavern-on-the-Green. And he continued to build, to revise and improve the park for the public sector, asphaltting cinder paths, lining walks with London plane trees. If recreation to Olmsted was refreshing one's mind and eye, Moses was possessed of an energy and a vision that made it almost impossible for him to think of

parks as open spaces or untouched nature.

Elizabeth Barlow is the first to say that her basic legacy in the park comes from both Olmsted and Moses; she speaks reverently about the designs of Olmsted, more grudgingly about those of Moses. But she recognizes it is a double-faced landscape, with a metaphysical intent on one hand and a recreational one on the other, and it can be difficult to reconcile the parts.

Mrs. Barlow is an able and far-thinking fund-raiser. She also spends a lot of time in Central Park, bird watching, taking educational walks and botany courses. But she is not a politician. And she has underestimated the general populace's desire to be involved in decisions about the park. In architectural projects, which are relatively clear-cut, she has received praise. But in landscape matters, which are interpretive exercises (Olmsted did not have scenic blueprints), she is accused by her critics of being mysterious and arrogant. The Ramble is the case in point. □

The Ramble is the home ground of bird watchers, botanists, horticulturalists and a sizable homosexual contingent. Here, the druidic and gothic romanticism of the 19th century is given full play, with hanging rocks, a massive rustic arch, an Indian Cave, a wandering gill, a maze of winding paths and, to the north, Belvedere Castle, which used to be glimpsed over treetops as a guiding beacon. Here is a classroom of fruit- and seed-bearing shrubs and specimen trees — the Amur cork, Chinese pagoda, green ash, Siberian elm, meadowsweet, the shagbark hickory. And here, consequently, during the spring and fall migrations, some 259 species of birds touch down. The Ramble offers them a profusion of vegetation, good ground cover and plenty of insects in its dead wood. For spectators, it is rich in natural life, dense and mysterious, and on a quiet morning, the city disappears from mind and view.

Last fall, Geraldine Weinstein, with the help of her interns, began clearing and replanting the Point of the Ramble, a small peninsula that juts out into a lake. Her work was conceived as a relatively small project, a matter of attending to long-deferred maintenance — clearing brush and dead wood and repositioning rocks — and also of landscape design — replacing weedy undergrowth with shrubs and understory trees attractive to birds. Last

spring, a landscape architect cleared trees in the Ramble in order to reinstate some of the original sunny glades and to open a vista to the Belvedere.

Distress settled over the Ramble's partisans, many of whom are daily visitors during the spring. Within several weeks, a petition denouncing "the mass destruction of mature and irreplaceable trees" and bearing 3,000 signatures was presented to the Parks Department, igniting a furor.

In the aftermath of the tree cutting, as a flurry of letters was dispatched to newspapers, politicians and environmental groups, and community boards met in urgent session, the substance of the controversy became apparent. The wrangle over the number of trees actually cut (estimates range from 20 to 60) and the loss of a crabapple that flowered in two different colors, a towering oak and a much-admired persimmon was emblematic of a profound difference of opinion on the value and purpose of the Ramble.

The Linnaean Society, a scholarly, generally noncombative group of bird watchers, sees the Ramble as a rare and internationally known oasis for birds that should remain a wilderness. Through the eyes of the New York City Audubon Society, which has 7,000 members and a conservationist focus, the Ramble becomes not only a bird sanctuary, but one of the last natural environments in the city. Yet here, the critics say, is Betsy Barlow, attempting to return this rich little woodland to a 19th-century garden, a précis of Olmsted.

Albert F. Appleton, president of the New York City Audubon Society, is one of the most persuasive speakers on the subject. "Our view is one of the 20th century," he contends. "We don't want just to contemplate nature but to understand its real dimensions and ecology. One hundred twenty years ago, half of Manhattan was woodland and wildlife habitat. Olmsted foresaw its disappearance. That was one of his main motivations in his creation of Central Park. Does anyone here seriously imagine that if Olmsted now returned to find only one accessible woodland and sanctuary for wildlife remaining in Manhattan, in the center of his park, that he would propose to restore the park by destroying it? The idea is silly."

"We are dealing with a basic philosophical difference," John Farrand Jr., president of the Linnaean Society, explains. "Barlow says she is making a better wilderness, but a wilderness

is not made. She takes a horticultural view of the Ramble, which is incompatible with ours. The area is going through a series of natural ecological changes now, which will make it an even better birding area, and any change will set it back. The creation of these open spaces in the Ramble not only reduces the amount of habitat for nesting and migrant birds, but it also invites large numbers of people into the Ramble who ordinarily would be content to use other parts of the park. Birders are threatened as seriously as the birds."

Farrand took an extreme position on the restoration, declaring in a letter dispatched to dozens of politicians that the Linnaean Society could not separate the removal of trees from the other desirable aspects of the restoration and consequently objected to the project in its entirety. His opposition, he confesses, was born of a lack of confidence and trust. Like Appleton and others, he had met in the past with Mrs. Barlow and had understood very different intentions for the Ramble from what materialized. He, and the others, felt they had been double-dealt. "Barlow is evasive," he says. "Where is the master plan?" And then, "If she'd evacuate the area, hostilities would cease."

Mrs. Barlow expected some degree of resistance over the Ramble, but the intensity of the current debate surprised and hurt her. "In the newspapers," she says, "there is this feeling that we are doing dastardly deeds. Some people do not see the forest for the trees. We are trying to see the forest. This is supposed to be healthy land management. The Ramble is such a fragile and delicate area, and so severely neglected, I thought an interpretive restoration should be done as a series of small horticultural projects."

To illustrate the point, she suggests a walk, her eighth that week, to explain her side of the case. It is a gray, foggy morning and the Ramble is quiet and private. Mrs. Barlow, happy to be outside but concerned about articulating her position, moves up a path, and stops before a foreground of London plane trees. "These are Moses", lined up military fashion along the path, distinctly out of keeping with the Ramble, but they will not be changed, for they are handsome and thriving. That, however, will," she says, pointing at a tangle of ailanthus, wild cherry and knotweed, and explaining that the proliferation of wild cherry threatens to make the area a monoculture. "This

restoration is not a literal return to 19th-century plans, which would be mindless. But we do want to increase the variety of species; the Ramble was a botanical garden, not just an arboretum for inspection."

Near the Belvedere, she shows off her plantings of evergreens and ironwoods: "We take our cues from what is here, and then strengthen the impression. This is a major planting, and we have removed some cherry trees, but since it is not strictly birders' territory, no one is exercised—yet."

Talking all the way, Mrs. Barlow moves south, glances back— "We've cut five trees, not a broad swath, to open up a glimpse of the top of the castle, which helps people to feel safely oriented." She pauses before a giant tupelo tree, "so glorious it shouldn't have company," and then follows the gill down to the Azalea Pond, which is mucky and stagnant. "Although birds like mud flats, this should be dredged." Striding out onto the Point, past a dense new understory of 2,300 shrubs, she drops into a calmer mood. The tip of land is covered with a thicket of roses, bayberry, fruit and seed plants that will rise chest high. "This is a scenic interpretation," she says. "It is not manicured. Listen to all the bird songs."

□

In 1974, Central Park was designated a city landmark, and as such the major steps of its rebuilding — the capital projects executed by outside consultants — are subject to Landmarks Preservation Commission review in public hearings. But, as the first scenic landmark, Central Park is a unique commodity, and precisely what is major and what is historic have never been satisfactorily resolved.

In late June, because of the outcry over the Ramble, Mrs. Barlow took the project to the commission for advice. The public hearing that followed was an attenuated display of informed, often erudite concern that ended, after 45 speakers had given testimony, at 1:30 A.M. The atmosphere was charged, for outrage had been simmering for many weeks.

Some of the speakers were expected: Parks Department allies and spokesmen for environmental groups. Others were individuals who spoke both for the cause and from the heart. Fred Lukman, a Yugoslavian economist, whose wife paints in the Ramble, asked, "Why do we need another meadow?" Robert Arbib, editor of American Birds magazine and a former conservationist for the Lin-

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naean Society, said, "I have qualms, too, about what will be cut, but I'd like to see the era of vituperation ended and the era of consultation and cooperation begun." Lewis Rosenberg, co-chairman of the Central Park Committee of the Audubon chapter, presented a slide show of tree stumps, and Kent L. Barwick, Landmarks chairman, commented at one point, "So many people with so many ideas about what the future should be!"

The Landmarks review was a show of caring for Central Park, the airing of a dispute in which everyone, by dint of his information and his passion, was somehow right. It was also a serious reprimand, a critical reminder of the need for communication and consultation. Accordingly, in the future, the Parks Department will submit all its plans to the Borough Parks Board and is planning to take even its small projects to Landmarks for public review. And it is proceeding very cautiously in the Ramble, for the moment contenting itself with the basics of erosion control and judicious replanting.

□

There is much work to be done in Central Park, and already lines are drawn for the next battle — the rebuilding of Bethesda Terrace, the formal centerpiece of the park,

where restoration may involve the removal of a grove of memorial oak trees whose roots are destroying the ornamental stone work. No issue can be single-edged, for the park inspires at least as many passions as it can accommodate.

"Of course there are lessons," Gordon Davis says, providing an overview, "for our vision is not perfect. We are not fanatics in the sense that there is only one right way to do things." Davis admits that the Ramble dispute temporarily paralyzed the department, but he also respects the passions involved. "The debate occurs over every blade of grass, and that is the health of the park."

Davis grew up in Chicago and was familiar with that city's Olmsted parks. "Mention Olmsted and people think of rustic shelters. But I approached him from the other end of the telescope," he says. "The first Olmsted tract I read was on slavery — from his travels in the South — and I saw that his park was grounded on a real understanding of democracy, an urban, Jacksonian sense of democracy. Olmsted knew that in America, urban parks should perform a social and political as well as a cosmetic function."

In 1980, Davis was confronted with the artist Christo's proposal to install tempo-

rarily thousands of banner-draped, frame-like gates along the paths of Central Park. Rejecting the proposal, he issued the Christo Report, a long, painstaking document that amounted to a thorough discussion of the park and an elegant reassertion of policy. "It is no longer a question of giving the parks back to the people," he wrote, "but of the park's survival." Central Park has a social and artistic purpose of its own, and that has to be respected and articulated, he explained; of all its achievements, the most profound and dramatically moving is its social democracy.

Recently, Davis reiterated the thesis of the Christo Report. "One of the geniuses of the park is that, to experience it, people have to desegregate. The park is as socially integrated as any space in America. You don't get people coming to you based on sociological groups but on common concerns, about crime, or jogging, or what the 110th Street Boathouse should look like. Blacks don't think of themselves as blacks in the park but as, say, bicyclists, and their alliances are with other bicyclists. This aspect of the park is the one most critical to its survival. And the most important part of our thinking about the restoration of Central Park is how it will be used and by whom." ■

PRIESTHOOD

Continued from Page 30

Some women, blacks and third-world people mostly, are interested in a kind of religious rethinking, or "liberation theology," that, for example, suggests a liberating God as a suffering one rather than a bombastic, demanding deity.

"We can't add to the scripture," says Miss Harriss, who to her amusement is sometimes addressed as "Father Susan," but "we can maneuver it with women's experience so that our understanding of God widens to include us. Perhaps it's just a new way of thinking, of turning from the traditional Aristotelian rational theology to a more receptive, embracing God that we're still talking to. A woman might look at the story of Lot's wife and say that it wasn't just, and that she doesn't want to live in a society that works like that. It's a recognition that the Bible was deeply influenced by the time in which it was written, rather than being a direct inspiration from God."

□

To Martha Blacklock, her faith is a constant source of wonder and discovery. "When I begin to think I un-

derstand God and creation, it's so much more than I had ever imagined or expected, so much more wonderful, that I'm astonished. God is supposed to be like this, and then you turn around and He amazes you all over again. As in the Gospel where the last workers were paid as much as the first: You say to yourself, 'What if God's mercy absolutely swamps our understanding of how God's justice works?'"

Opportunities for revelation abound. On a recent Sunday, a 5-year-old was among those waiting to receive communion at St. Clement's. As Miss Blacklock blessed the wine and bread, consecrating them as the body and blood of Christ, the boy whispered to his mother, "Whose blood is it?" When she was told about this after the service, Martha Blacklock was dismayed. "Whose blood? Oh, Lord, if I'd heard that, I would have stopped everything," she said. "Oh, Lord. What do you do?"

The incident recalled for her "a book by Monica Furlong, in which she says that writers and priests are always failures. They're always most supposed to be: 'They

are justified only by their powers of being and of seeing.' And how good are we at seeing?"

Miss Blacklock does not, however, doubt that she has found the right calling. "I've felt that it's absolutely right," she says, "demanding of me everything I could ever do. Nothing essential is missing. I think God really wants me to do this."

□

Several months ago, an actor new to the St. Clement's group arrived early one day for a rehearsal. He wandered into a small chapel, which, like so much about the church, has a faint air of abandonment. At the side altar, he idly opened the tabernacle and was amazed to find a chalice inside, and, inside the chalice, a host. Moved by what one might assume were ancient impulses, he tasted the bread and wine, and then, horrified, realized that he had blundered into what must be a working church. He sought out Martha Blacklock to tell her of what he supposed was a sacrifice. She was delighted. Discovery. Mystery. St. Clement's as cheese. ■

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Menagerie

By Louise Earnest/Puzzles Edited by Eugene T. Maleska

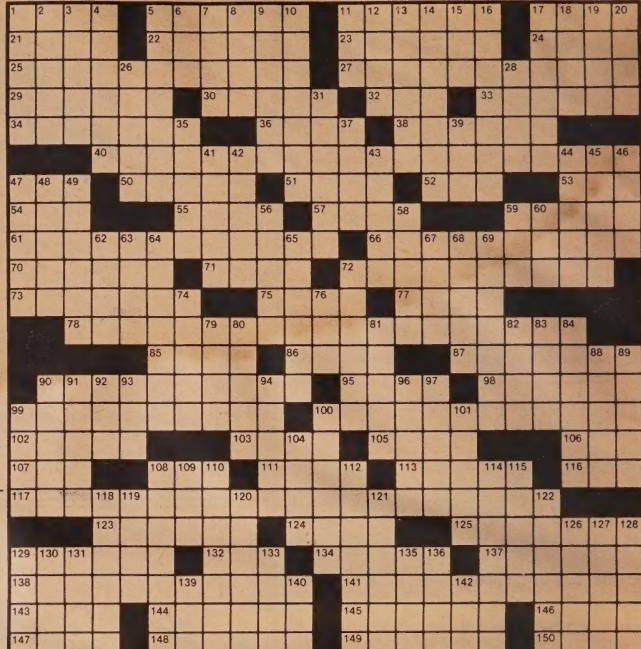
ACROSS

- 1 Senate, e.g.
5 Pasty cement
11 Certain art works
17 Political position
21 Med.-sch. subject
22 Celia's alias in "A.Y.L.I."
23 Carried away
24 Ornamental case
25 Little Bighorn victor
27 Sellers role
29 Entombs
30 Robe for Octavia
32 Item for Weiskopf
33 Scuffle
34 Assyrian's tongue
36 Pippin's heart
38 Dominant tissue
40 Quite a different matter

- 47 Murray of silents
50 Legislate
51 Puppeteer Allison
52 Sigma
53 See 61 Across
54 Ending for patriot or ideal
55 Seaport on Okinawa
57 Pierre's well-wishers
59 Describing the Holy See
61 With 53 and 100 Across, 1928 song
66 Chintzy felines, à la Field
70 Seaport on Panay
71 Bit of horn
72 Imbue with new vigor

- 73 Sockeye and coho
75 Uncover
77 Moreno of baseball
78 Burgess's well-known first line
85 "____ Rhythm"
86 Public
87 "____ from the lazy finger ____": Shak.
90 Crab or lobster
95 Recorded proceedings
98 Osage, for one
99 Locomotives
100 See 61 Across
102 Drain
103 Puerto ____
105 Stepped on
106 Hot time in
107 Cooler
108 Meet
111 Soho bunk
113 Hanker after

- 116 Singer Accuff
117 Malicious hypocrite
123 Archons' kin
124 Brain tissue
125 Sonnet sections
129 Leopold III's bride: 1926
132 Engr.'s degree
134 Discourage
137 How banshees wail
138 Howard Hughes's seaplane
141 Diversionary tactics
143 Bellow
144 Meager
145 Physiologist Mosso: 1846-1910
146 Sing like Ella
147 Eurymedea's abode
148 Approach collapse
149 Hard and cold
150 Pronoun



DOWN

- 1 Foundation
2 Cat-____-tails
3 Fact
4 Powder used in color TV tubes
5 O'Hara's Tara, for one
6 Trig cousin
7 Kinsmen
8 Native of Ger.
9 ____-parentis
10 Cancel
11 Zip
12 "What's ____ for me?"
13 Composer Bloch
14 "____ 'A' Train": 1941 song
15 Vol.'s supplement

- 16 Parts of turbines
17 Met fan's entreaty
18 Ordinal endings
19 Peat, e.g.
20 Flag
26 Dog ____ manger
28 "Dimittis," old hymn
31 Macaws
35 Fussbudget
37 Town of Judah
39 ____ judicata
41 Scotch fiddles
42 Code of morals
43 In the bag
44 World's highest capital
45 Emulate Cicero

- 46 Electrical units
47 Actresses Hines and Kennedy
48 Places of refuge
49 Surgeons' neighbor
56 Curacao's
58 Relish
59 Tammany man
60 Chemical prefix
62 Delineate
63 Tub plant
64 Banquet in Bologna
65 Remove money from an account

- 67 Like Dali's watches
68 ____-Turkish War: 1911-12
69 Attend to
72 The 21st Amendment
74 Stogie
76 It may be burn
79 Army missiles
80 It, too, may be burn
81 Like a diamond in the rough
82 Joker
83 Medical suffixes
84 Less ruddy
88 "____ prepare a place..."
89 "The School and Society" author

- 90 Statement of faith
91 Spur part
92 French article
93 Wall St. abbr.
94 In reserve
96 Like a stubborn hombre
97 Cancel a space trip
99 "...ere ____ Elba"
100 Ran the show
101 Hell's Canyon is here
104 Egyptian Christian
108 Most derivative, in a way
109 Nfld. or Icel.
110 What not to rock or miss
112 Whites of the eyes
114 Sovereign's deputy
115 Word on a door
118 Ruler
119 Of the ego's source
120 Convoys
121 Hidden
122 Gaudy
126 Edwards or Lombardi
127 "King Olaf" composer
128 Networks of RR's
129 Staff mem.
130 Coast Guard acronym
131 Make plumb
133 Quiddity, in a way
135 Selvage
136 Syngman
139 Where to buy stps.
140 Ending for auction
142 Pipe joint

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on Page 45. A new puzzle tomorrow and every weekday.

Puns and Anagrams

By Henry Hook

ACROSS

- 1 Weather when I met Cal
8 Bar personnel?
13 Lo! Tender and fragrant
15 Sakespearian play?
16 If I were cat, I'd drink it
17 Back woods?
18 This tic ruined the reception
19 Caesar was its prime moaner
21 Soft, moist and mostly purple material
23 Pleasant French city
24 Items baked down South by peons
25 World's followers?
27 Deke made ends meet

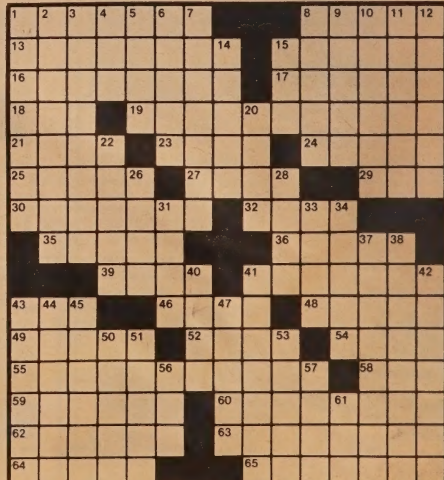
- 29 Direction from P. to office
30 Saves and secures
32 Howard takes el to get his bag
35 Stellar Belle?
36 Marlo gets toothache here
39 Mr. Lane
41 Courted stirringly?
43 Kind of rain
46 Slip of the lips
48 Can Ed do the Lindy?
49 Eleven set out by these
52 Lois paints them
54 Sped from the store
55 Petite Linn, a ruler
58 48 Across in the barroom?
59 Cossack chief, almost adamant

DOWN

- 1 Recrip- it's more crackly
2 Cruellest speeches
3 Is detail good for dreamer?
4 60% of women do lawnwork
5 Type of mist
6 Asian holiday on Wyoming range?
7 I see men whom I don't like

- 8 Nearly upmost part of tree
9 Time for a song
10 White elephant could be a lion
11 Aptitudes for signaling?
12 Rest of the trees
14 With car, Katie rode here
15 Cheer for Leo
20 Requirement in Eden
22 Nut used in most canapés
26 Certain ruse
28 D'arbiter?
31 Min follower
33 Fare-trayed merchandise?
34 Lo-fat ice-cream dish
37 Not a neat way to make comments

- 38 Packs again on terraces
40 Cat at rest?
41 Essie uses clips and does some fastening
42 Lowest of 500 tepees
43 Pater's meal
44 One who leaves English city?
45 A \$5 beverage — that's the end!
47 Art's one instrument
50 Spicy occasions?
51 S'browns
53 Was erect, as put
56 Middle of the neck
57 Girl at a horseshoes game?
61 Cato up the riv.



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WALLACE

Continued from Page 17

all that the old Wallace stood for, says of him now, "George used to talk for the little guy who was mad. Now he talks for the little guy who is scared."

The great fear in Alabama this summer is of having no job, no honest work; of being thrown into the pit with those urban hoodlums portrayed on television. Five miles south of Rockford, on the road to Montgomery, there are direction signs to two other little towns. One arrow points left to Equality. The other points right to Richville. In the dust of the summer poverty, with steel plants closing at Birmingham and automobile plants retrenching in the northern industrial district, and with fear of another Great Depression hanging over the state like poisoned air, neither Equality nor Richville is anything more than a taunting illusion to the quiet-born, unbending boys and girls who are becoming the ordinary men and women of the new Alabama. Unemployment has reached 13.9 percent here in spite of Sun Belt prosperity. That is second only to Michigan's 14.3 percent. People are afraid. Mr. Wallace seems to share that fear. On the stump, he speaks of his ability, through his old network of worldwide acquaintances, to bring jobs to Alabama.

"We've always been poor in the South," he told me. "This has always been an agrarian region, and maybe because of that we've always disliked big government."

"I've been without a job. I came back from the war and tried to practice law, and I couldn't hardly make a living at it. I was broke. I drove a dump truck for 30 cents an hour."

He tells of youngsters who come up to him after high-school graduations and hug him and say, "Governor, help us get jobs." He knows how they feel, he says. He and the people of Alabama have been in that condition before. White and black — they have all been in that condition.

□

When people remember the old Wallace, they invariably speak of his standing in the schoolhouse door to try, unsuccessfully, to stop the racial desegregation of the University of Alabama. They recall his first inaugural speech in 1963: "Segregation now! Segregation tomorrow! Segregation forever!" During the 1960's, Mr. Wallace led Alabama into a brooding conformity. Blacks and whites alike, in their separate, sealed spheres, felt themselves to be under attack: the blacks by the state's and region's white majority, the whites by the relentless and (as they saw it) incomprehensible righteousness of the national Government and the liberal elite of the North and East.

No one could travel in Alabama during that time without feeling the fearful, angry drawing together of the people against most outsiders. Sepa-

ately, both whites and blacks enforced a stern code that discouraged outside thought, just as they had done in the 1840's when the blood of rebellion had begun to rise. And through it all, people died — most of them black or Northern white friends of black people. Hardly a season changed, hardly a spring turned to summer, without a new lynching, a new outrage to tighten the circle against outsiders.

Mr. Wallace's apparent change of heart on race has caused considerable comment. I was curious to know whether he regretted the pain he had brought to black people and the ill will that he created during the 1960's and 70's.

"Yes," he said, "and I was to blame for a lot of it." But he was reluctant to talk about it in any depth. He moved away to his old defensiveness, saying he had never held any personal animosity toward black people, that he had never made a speech expressing dislike or hatred toward them, that he had always made it clear that his fight was not against blacks but against Government control from Washington.

Mr. Wallace also resisted any suggestion that his previous stand might have been based on expediency. It is well known, if slightly faded by time, that he began his political career as a racial liberal, and that, beaten by a racist, he changed because the times seemed to require a change.

He said to me with a flash of heat, "I was for school segregation in those days. I've had black leaders say to me, 'We know why you said what you said.' And I tell them, 'No, you're wrong. I wasn't saying that for expediency. I believed in segregation.'"

Mr. Wallace put down his cigar and turned in his wheelchair to face me squarely. "Now," he said, "I believe that segregation is wrong. And I don't want it to come back. I see now that we couldn't live in a society like that. In those days, I thought segregation was best for both races. But a short time after that, I came to see that this society can't exist with a dual system."

His new stand may be paying off with black voters. Yet no one expects him to get a majority of the black votes against a moderate opponent like Lieut. Gov. George McMillan. Mr. McMillan, probably Mr. Wallace's strongest opponent, has two assets — solid campaign financing and enthusiastic support from several black leaders.

I mentioned Mr. Wallace to a black maid, a woman in her 30's, at a motel in Montgomery. To my surprise, she predicted that he would win. "I hope he does," she said. "And everybody I talk to feels the same way."

Yes, she remembered the old Wallace days — the violence, the bitter words. But neither the "old" nor the

"new" Wallace seemed pertinent to her. She simply talked of his populist record: free textbooks, money for public schools, vocational and technical education, new roads, new factories, state help for the needy. Mr. Wallace himself could not have recited it better.

"George Wallace will have some support from the black community," the Rev. Frederick D. Reese of Selma told me. Mr. Reese, pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church as well as a junior high school principal and member of the Selma City Council, was a leader of Selma's civil-rights movement during the 1960's. His leadership roots run deep, and he commands respect in both the white and black establishments in the Alabama of the 1980's.

Mr. Reese, along with most other black leaders, had remained neutral until the late August meeting of the Alabama Democratic Conference, which represents most of the black political leaders in the state. Rejecting Mr. Wallace's bid for black support, the conference members chose instead to endorse Lieut. Gov. McMillan.

Early in the summer, black support was scattered across the Democratic field — some for Mr. Wallace, some for Speaker of the House Joe McCrquodale, quite a lot for Lieut. Gov. McMillan. I could find none for the right-wing Republican candidate, Mayor Emory Folmar of Montgomery. Mr. Folmar is a former military man who advocates strong police measures and eradication of "welfare giveaways."

In an interview before the Alabama Democratic Conference, Mr. Reese talked of Mr. Wallace's past and his obvious disadvantages. But he found much to admire, as well. He liked the Wallace stand for "the working man" and his promise of attracting new industry and new jobs. He was enthusiastic about Mr. Wallace's record on public education. "Education flourished under the Wallace administration," he said. "If you are totally objective and look at the results and the advancement, I don't know of any other Governor who can even touch George Wallace's record. So if a black educator can forget what he said, he can possibly justify supporting him."

□

Racism is not dead in Alabama. Rednecks still say "nigger" and blame all crime on blacks. Schools in some sections are still only partly desegregated, thanks to white flight and private academies. The junior high that Mr. Reese runs in Selma is 90 percent black. Blacks are still more likely to be out of work, and when they get jobs, they are the least desirable ones. But not many people seem to want to continue the old racial fight. It is as if the whole state, black and white, has surrendered once again.

One of Mr. Wallace's problems is how to keep the loyalty of his old supporters, including the indeterminate number of hard-line segregationists still alive and voting, while reaching out to others who feel differently. I

talked with some old-timers and thought they were trying a little too hard to maintain their enthusiasm.

Some, for example, are troubled by the continuing doubts about Mr. Wallace's health. He looks reasonably well and insists that he is. But the doubt persists, perhaps inevitably. An outsider, however, is not permitted to question the old fighter's fitness. I raised the wheelchair issue in a barbershop at Anniston and was told firmly by a man getting a crew-cut, "He don't think with his legs."

In spite of the doubts, the old-time supporters will probably stick with Mr. Wallace, in the view of some of the state's most experienced observers. H. Brandt Ayers, editor and publisher of The Anniston Star and never a Wallace supporter, senses that the enthusiasm for Mr. Wallace has faded, but that it may not matter. "He is no longer a passion, but a habit," Mr. Ayers said. "But there has to be a pretty good reason to break an old habit."

Some detractors insist that Mr. Wallace has no convictions on race or anything else, and never has had. John P. Kohn, a former Wallace adviser and an aging segregationist with an intellectual bent, says that his one-time friend never has had a philosophy, a belief or a political vision, and that Mr. Wallace will do whatever is required to get elected. "If mules could vote in Alabama," Mr. Kohn said one afternoon in downtown Montgomery, "I think he'd shake hands and kiss one on Court Square." He said that many of Mr. Wallace's old segregationist supporters were not deceived by his new posture and would vote against him.

Mr. Wallace's second wife, Cornelia, who was divorced from him in a rancorous parting in 1978 and now lives with her mother in Elba after several years of residence in Florida, calls him a phony and political opportunist. "He started to change toward blacks during the 1976 election," she said. "He saw the handwriting on the wall then." She referred to Jimmy Carter's successful combining of black and blue-collar white votes. As for his private beliefs, she doubted that he had any. She said she had never heard him discuss his racial beliefs one way or the other.

She also questioned his commitment to Christianity. She said he did not begin to talk religion until he saw the Rev. Jerry Falwell and others making gains with the Moral Majority. After that, she said, "He started calling Jerry Falwell about once a week and talking like a born-again Christian."

"He's strictly a political man," she said. "He goes to funerals because it gets him votes."

For all his new appeal among some blacks, Mr. Wallace apparently has made little headway among white liberals. One seemed to sum up the feeling of all of them when he said, "I could never vote for a man who caused such harm to this state." The liberals' intransigence may be based partly on class feeling. They are prosperous and well educated, and they

tend to look down on the untidy little man from Barbour County. (It is nearly forgotten that Mr. Wallace sprang from a well-to-do family, that before the blood thinned out with his father, his grandfather was the patriarch of his town.) But class, I predict, will give way to fear in November if the liberals have to choose between the right-wing Mayor of Montgomery and the only challenger remaining from his left, George Wallace.

Mr. Wallace must have wondered what he had got into during the early days of the campaign. The weather was oppressive, the crowds were small and his speeches were themeless and rambling. At one point, he talked so much of his past and of how famous he was that he seemed to be running on the single platform of his own celebrity. But as the campaign wore on, he found a tighter grip on the popular anxiety about unemployment. Wallace is the man to look the big boys in the eye and get some jobs, he told the crowds — Wallace, the same man who stood up to the feds and the intellectuals and made them say uncle.

But why is he subjecting himself to the abuse of another campaign? One consideration undoubtedly is his concern about his place in history. He may want to perform a small corrective action to make sure he is not remembered merely as a hell-raiser and a die-hard segregationist.

But there is more. Marshall Frady described Mr. Wallace's panic when it occurred to him in 1965, near the end of his first term in office, that Alabama law would not allow him to succeed himself. He had simply assumed, Frady said, that once he had reached the place he had always been destined for, where he and "the folks" had blissful and unending contact, he would stay there forever. When the truth dawned on him, he made an abortive and temporarily damaging effort to change the law, then hit on the device of running his wife, Lurleen, as his surrogate in 1966. It worked, and she served as Governor

in name until she died in office in 1968, throwing him back into the wilderness.

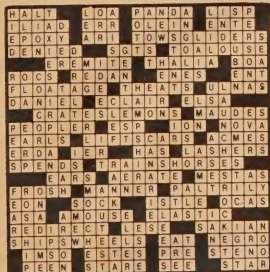
Frady speculated that beyond politics, Wallace's life was a blank. That apparently was true in those days. From all accounts, his time out of office was exceedingly difficult for him. He was impatient, fretful, preoccupied and undirected.

But since then, Mr. Wallace has come close to death several times. He tells of one day in the hospital, shortly after the assassination attempt, when the doctors had to plunge a knife into his abdomen without anesthesia to save his life; there was not time to get to the operating room. In some way, the proximity to death has increased his substance. I think he knows, by now, that life is more than the adulation of "the folks." But I think he also still feels some of the old nagging, an occasional suspicion that only the void awaits, that he is nothing without politics. He opposes his doubts in the only way he knows. He runs.

For all his new vulnerability — a quality the old Wallace would never have understood — there is still about him an intensity that hints of violence. He still manages to suggest that he is dangerous if he finds you within the range of his good right arm. That surely is part of the secret of his hold on the imagination of us all, white and black, in and out of Alabama. He is still a symbol, although altered and diminished, of a Southern impulse for romance — of an atavistic (and transracial) yearning for a leader who will stand up to the Big Boys and take vengeance.

A small incident in south Alabama brought home to me the full reach of this romantic appeal. An old car pulled defiantly in front of mine at a highway crossing and forced me to hit the brakes. The driver, whose face I did not see, sped ahead for a quarter of a mile just to prove that he could outrun me, then swerved into a driveway and skidded to a stop. I got a look at him as I drove by. He was black. The inevitable bumper sticker on the old wreck declared, "Wallace for Governor." ■

Solutions to Last Week's Puzzles



MARGARET ATWOOD: LADY ORACLE — I decorated the high school gym with signs that read **HOWDY HOP** and **SNOWBALL STOMP**... then went home and ate peanut butter sandwiches and read... novels while everyone else was dancing. I was Miss Personality, confidante and true friend.

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Letters

T O T H E E D I T O R



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The Adventurous Doris Lessing

So Doris Lessing's readers are dismayed by the new direction in her latest books, the "Canopus" series ("Doris Lessing on Feminism, Communism, and 'Space Fiction,'" by Lesley Hazleton, July 25). As Lesley Hazleton points out, Doris Lessing "has ventured into outer space and ... left her readers helplessly earth-bound." Like all such frustrated creatures, the readers stand with anchored feet and shake their fists at the sky.

Their anger is misplaced. Doris Lessing is only doing what good writers before her have done, often to the bewilderment of their followers: She is stretching and taking risks. She is outgrowing labels. Can this be anything but commendable in a writer of her age and achievement?

In 1876, George Eliot published her last novel, "Daniel Deronda." It, too, was greeted with dismay by critics and readers. They asked, in effect, why ever would a noted Victorian author concern herself with such issues as anti-Semitism, Zionism and Jewish mysticism? Whatever was the woman up to? Why wasn't she content to rest gracefully on her laurels, or produce another "Middlemarch," if she must continue to write?

Such thinking is as much nonsense in 1982 as it was in 1876. When writers like George Eliot and Doris Lessing, in their maturity, risk the safety of established reputation and embark upon new adventures of ideas, their readers should not grumble, but rejoice.

HOLLIS SEAMON
Kinderhook, N.Y.

The "Canopus in Argos" series certainly took me by surprise — but it need not have. Earlier works, such as "The Summer Before the Dark," "The Memoirs of a Survivor" and "Briefing for a Descent Into Hell," explored dreams, altered perceptions and even alternate worlds parallel to and linked to our world. It seems likely that Mrs. Lessing simply developed so many ideas and had so much to say that she needed more space than these devices could provide, and so turned boldly to the form of space fiction.

In these new novels, Mrs. Lessing has created wonderful myths and fables. At her finest, she is our Homer, singing our epics before they occur. One of her greatest themes is the possibility of a peaceful and harmonious social existence for all people on this planet. It is an ideal to cherish.

If Doris Lessing's main purpose in the "Canopus" novels is, in fact, to explore her ideas and themes (of society, men and women, emotion versus intellect, good versus evil), then the complaints of some critics about her "lack of characterization" totally miss the point. One may presume that she found it necessary to use rather cool, flat characters — as Brecht did — to achieve her purposes.

DAVID S. HOUGH
Washington



JAMES STERBA/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Exploring the Ocean World

The ocean world has so much excitement and mystery that it is hard to describe it to one who has never had the experience of exploring the wet world ("To the Great Barrier Reef and Beyond," by James Sterba, July 25). Mr. Sterba's love affair with the Great Barrier Reef takes those who have never been on scuba down to 80 feet, and

helps those who have prolong the fantasy.

As an instructor in the Middle West's Y.M.C.A. scuba program, I have tried to teach the sanctity of the underwater world. As Mr. Sterba points out, an intruder must leave only bubbles and take only pictures.

We — students and instructors — have experienced many of the great diving sites of the world, Cozumel, Bonaire and Grand Cayman, to name a few, with plans for the Red Sea this fall. The Barrier Reef and Truk Lagoon are next.

Thanks for the fun.

BRIAN R. HOGAN
Mount Prospect, Ill.

Desexing the English Language

In "The Desexing of English," (On Language, Aug. 1), Sol Steinmetz wonders that so many changes have been made without any appreciable outcry. Many points were valid and even antifeminists have seen the hopelessness of arguing against them. Many changes are, however, so silly that people with some sense for language and style probably hope they will disappear in the same way many other fads have in the past. "Humankind" is a linguistic atrocity because it combines a root of Latin origin with a Germanic suffix. Unfortunately, feminists recognize only one meaning of "man" — the male of Homo sapiens, whereas in words like "mankind" the meaning is the same as the German *Mensch*, a human being. And if "mankind" proved unacceptable, the best word would be "humanity," as in French, which also happens to be a source of modern English.

In any case, the language cannot be wholly desexed just because of its many roots in other languages: One would have to either "feminize" words ending in "-or" (instructor/instructress) or invent new words altogether. Why feminine versions exist in some cases — actor/actress, hero/heroine — and not in all, may be a nice academic subject yielding one or more doctors' theses.

LU FENTON
New York City

The apostrophe offers a solution to one problem of desexing English that does not go against the grain of language. When Cole Porter writes, "Let's do it, let's fall in love," we know he means, "Let us do it." We accept "doesn't" and "isn't" and "can't," and I see no reason why we should not say "chair'an," allowing the apostrophe to stand for "wom" or "m," avoiding the



JOHN ZAR

unpleasant connotation of "person," as in "the crime was committed by a person or persons unknown."

DEVERA SIEVERS
New York City

Fortunately, it is true that, as Edward Sapir and George Orwell taught us, the language that we use — for whatever reasons we adopt it — sinks in. Each time a speaker stutters over "chairm—," his or her consciousness is poked awake. Winning equality in the language was necessary; and while the winning shouldn't be overestimated, it will work — like the drops of water on the rock — to change consciousness, and in time, unconsciousness.

CAROL T. WILLIAMS
Associate Professor,
Humanities
Roosevelt University
Chicago

Like most attempts at reform (linguistic or otherwise), the desexing of English makes sense until it is carried too far. Any fair-minded observer will, I'm sure, agree that English betrays a definite sexual bias, and that the attempts of feminists to correct it are only fair and worthwhile.

A brief example: If a woman occupies the chair of a division or department, what is improper about referring to her as a chairwoman? If, on the other hand, a vacancy exists, then the institu-

tion concerned would seek a chairperson since candidates of both sexes would, of course, be invited to apply.

As for housewife, actress and heroine, well, why not? If that is what the woman is, then why not be clear about it? I am far less concerned about such usages than I am about the far more blatant "he" or "his" following such pronouns as "everybody" or "anyone."

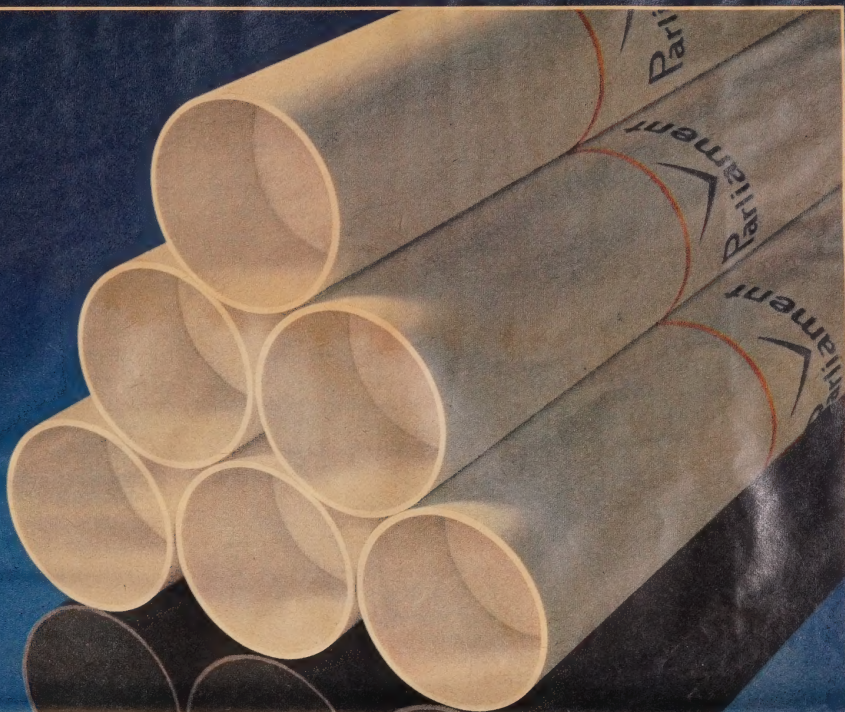
OWEN MCNAMARA
Associate Professor
of English
Herkimer County
Community College
Herkimer, N.Y.

The Philosopher's Boöl

Marilyn Bethany's article "Upward Mobility" (July 11) suggests that rising through rooftops is a recent phenomenon. Not so. In doing research for a book I am writing on Charles A. Eastman, an American Indian writer (1858-1939) and his Berkshire-born wife, Elaine Goodale Eastman (1863-1953), I discovered that Elaine Goodale's father, Henry Stirling Goodale, had, in the late 1880's, redesigned the Windermere Building on 57th Street in New York City, and in the process extended his top-floor apartment through the roof. He had designed all the apartments in the building, intending them to appeal to the "new woman" — business women who were becoming more and more numerous and who often had difficulty finding appropriate living quarters. But he saved the best for himself. The apartment and its sky parlor were described in some detail in The New York Times, on June 23, 1895, in an article titled "The Philosopher's Attic."

MARION W. COPELAND
Pelham, Mass. ■

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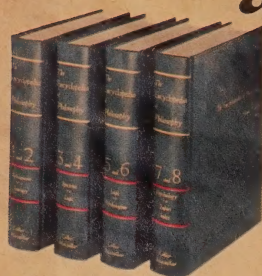
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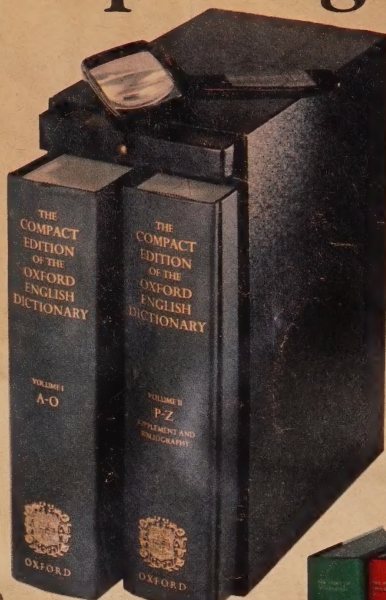


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Theologians back startling claim—

GOD IS A WOMAN

GOD may be a woman, after all, many biblical scholars admit.

"Modern feminists have been insisting that God is not necessarily a man; He could be a She. And they could be right," said Dr. Phillip J. Boyer, a former professor of theology at Southern Illinois University.

The Methodist minister, now living in Miami, Florida, told GLOBE: "The notion that God is female is not a new concept at all. Many ancient cultures considered God a female.

"In fact, the early Christian sect known as the Gnostics considered one of the three aspects of the Holy Trinity, the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit, to be feminine.

"One of the most popular gods of the Middle East, including the area eventually settled by the ancient Hebrews under the leadership of Joshua, was a goddess named Astarte. She was as powerful as the Hebrews' Jehovah," Dr. Boyer added.

His views are backed by Elaine Pagels, a professor of religion at Barnard College in New York City, and author of the book, *The Gnostic Gospels* (Random House).

Boyer added: "The idea died out with the Gnostics, but there is strong evidence

By BOB BORING

that a larger number of early Christians also considered the Holy Spirit to be a female."

However their beliefs were eradicated as church leaders edited the gospels and other writings to conform with the notion of a masculine God, he said.

"What else would you expect them to do?" Boyer asked. Although women played a leading role in the early church's history, men gradually took complete charge and rewrote much of the Christian literature to suit themselves."

Many ancient and current religions also see God as both male and female, according to Nimian Smart, a professor of religious studies at the University of California in Santa Barbara.

"There is Shiva (the Hindu god of destruction and reproduction) and Shakti (wife and counterpart to Shiva) who are considered a single god with conflicting aspects," he told GLOBE.

"The Christian Trinity itself seems to have similar aspects as Shiva and Shakti.

Walter H. Capps, also a religious studies professor at the University of California, said woman may not only be central to Christian thought

but may also be responsible for its origin.

"The female deity, meaning *theotokos* or mother of God, need not be identified simply as the mother of Christ, but also as mother of the Trinity," said Capps.

Boyer added: "The idea here is that if Mary is to be considered the mother of Christ, who is one inseparable aspect of the Trinity, she must also be the mother of the Father and of the Holy Spirit as well.

"This, of course, is a wild and scandalous thought. No theologian would seriously propose that the Trinity could have a mother, but, when we are dealing with something beyond our understanding, anything is possible.

"Actually, more and more modern theologians are coming to view God as neither male nor female. The traditional Jewish and Christian view is that God is unknowable and that any human view of that three-part deity is limited by our human ignorance and therefore invalid."

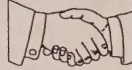
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signal as it reshapes you to
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The Warm Heart



Aldersgate United Methodist Church

Volume 1 Number 4

September 27, 1994



from the preacher's pen

I am having a great time with the Confirmation Class. Amanda and Paul and I are finding out some of the things that we believe and why, about God.

Do you know how many ways God is referred to in the bible ? About a jillion...well, a lot anyway.

One of the ways God is referred to in the Bible is found in Isaiah, where God is referred to as Mother.

Now, there are those who have been offended already...those who say that there is no way that God is ever referred to as mother.

That's okay, I'll let you look it up. The wildest thing is that those who will generally take exception to my saying that God is referred to as Mother are those who say that the Bible is inerrant...for the most part. But, if God is referred to as Mother, those same people will say "...that isn't what the Bible really means..."

Why is it that we are so ready to jump down the throats of those with whom we don't agree, using the Bible to make our point. Could it be because we are not sure about what we believe?

That may be the case. It may be that we are too lazy to really study the Bible, but listen to others who are supposedly very knowledgeable about the Bible. The only way to really understand who we are and why we believe as we do is to read it and study it for ourselves.

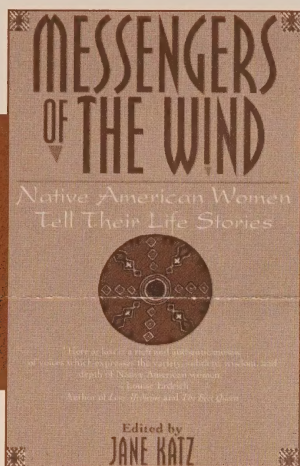
Make the month of October "grow in the Bible month" in your life. I am going to try to do that myself. I think that I need it ... How 'bout you?

Shalom,

Women's History Month

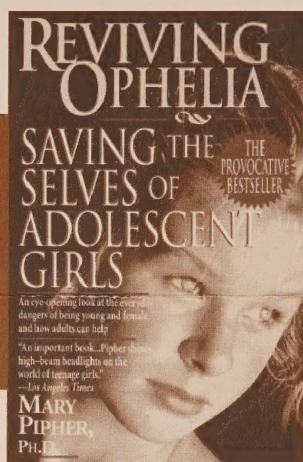
READING GROUP NEWSLETTER

Brilliant, bestselling books to stimulate your discussions about women's past, present, and future.



SAMPLE TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION...

where you see this symbol —
use as models for choosing
your own subjects and themes
to discuss within the group.



MESSENGERS OF THE WIND Native American Women Tell Their Life Stories Edited by Jane Katz

"Here at last is a rich and authentic mosaic of voices which expresses the variety, subtlety, wisdom, and depth of Native American women."

—Louise Erdrich

From the reservations to the cities, missionary schools to Washington lobbies, artists, activists, doctors, educators, and mothers express the unique experience of living both as tribal members and modern American women.

What were your images of Native American women before reading this book? After?

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MEETING AT THE CROSSROADS Women's Psychology and Girls' Development Lyn Mikel Brown and Carol Gilligan

- A *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year
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"Original and incisive...revolutionary."

—Carolyn G. Heilbrun, *The New York Times Book Review*

Carol Gilligan's groundbreaking feminist work, *In a Different Voice*, changed the way we think about women's development. Now Lyn Mikel Brown and Carol Gilligan ask, "What, on the way to womanhood, does a girl give up?" One hundred girls give voice to what is rarely spoken and often ignored.

How has the female inclination to avoid conflict and to "be nice" affected your own reading group discussions?

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THE WOMEN'S ROOM Marilyn French

- The bestselling classic
- With a new introduction by the author and an afterword by Susan Faludi

"The kind of book that changes lives."

—Fay Weldon

A novel that awakened both women and men, *THE WOMEN'S ROOM* follows the transformation of Mira Ward and her circle as the women's movement begins to have an impact on their lives. A modern classic that offers piercing insight into the social norms accepted so blindly and revered so completely.

What are some examples of the social norms for women that have prevailed despite the many changes for women over the years?

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REVIVING OPHELIA Saving the Selves of Adolescent Girls Mary Pipher, Ph.D.

- *San Francisco Chronicle* bestseller list
- Book-of-the-Month Club Selection
- Featured on *Oprah*!

"We owe it to ourselves and our daughters to read this book."

—Carol Spindel, author of *In the Shadow of the Sacred Grove*

Why are more American adolescent girls prey to depression, eating disorders, addictions, and suicide attempts than ever before? Is it because we live in a look-obsessed, media-saturated, "girl-poisoning" culture? Here, for the first time, are girls' unmutted voices from the front lines of adolescence.

Can you recall a time from your childhood when you were discouraged from trusting your own instincts? How was this discouragement expressed, and what was the result?

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OUT OF THE GARDEN Women Writers on the Bible Edited by Christina Büchmann and Celina Spiegel

- *San Francisco Chronicle* bestseller list

"Brilliant...A remarkable anthology."

—Francine Prose, *New York Newsday*

"A sparkling collection."

—Los Angeles Times Book Review

Drawing on their own experiences and interests, Louise Erdrich, Cynthia Ozick, Fay Weldon, Phyllis Trible, Rebecca Goldstein, June Jordan, Ursula K. Le Guin, and twenty-one other writers boldly, imaginatively—and sometimes reproachfully—address the Old Testament stories, characters, and poetry that mean the most to them.

Traditionally, the Bible has been used by men to "keep women in their place." Have you ever been frustrated by interpretations of Bible stories, and what are some of the difficulties you have encountered in expressing your own criticisms of the Bible?

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THE HERO'S DAUGHTER Maureen Murdock

In the tradition of *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, Jungian therapist Maureen Murdock at last reveals the unspoken truth about daughters and the immense power the fathers they idealize have over them. With revealing case studies, and exploring the hidden truth in myths, dreams, and fairy tales, this is a unique and fascinating look at a pervasive, though unexplored, issue.

In craving her father's attention, the hero's daughter remains arrested in daughterhood, with her father and the world. How has your relationship with your father influenced your adult relationships with other men?

A Fawcett Hardcover
449-90962-X/\$23.00

READING RUTH

Contemporary Women Reclaim a Sacred Story
Edited by Judith A. Kates and Gail Twersky Reimer
"A superb collection...Absorbing and provocative."

—Kirkus Reviews

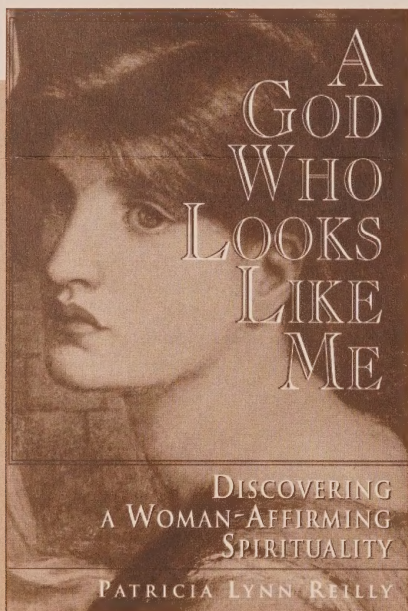
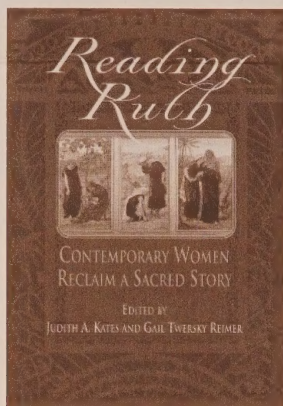
"Filled with passion, humor, insight and just the right combination of irreverence and awe."

—Ari L. Goldman, author of *The Search for God at Harvard*

Cynthia Ozick, Marge Piercy, Francine Klagsbrun, Nessa Rapoport, and other esteemed Jewish women reinterpret the quintessential woman's story, the Book of Ruth. Here is a fascinating exploration—representing an exciting, innovative, and dynamic encounter between women and the Bible.

Naomi is a survivor, outliving her husband and children, and enduring loneliness, insecurity, and infertility. Give an example of a time you drew upon your own personal courage to get through a difficult period in your life.

A Ballantine Hardcover
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COMING IN APRIL

A GOD WHO LOOKS LIKE ME
Discovering a Woman-Affirming Spirituality
Patricia Lynn Reilly

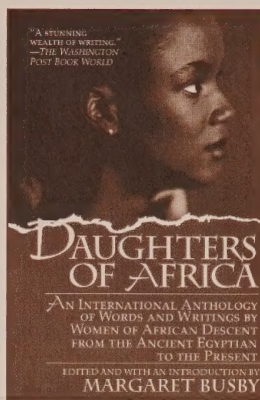
"A powerful antidote to the still-pervasive conviction that only the masculine and the mind are sacred. A GOD WHO LOOKS LIKE ME steeps women and men in simple deep healing."

—Carolyn McCickar Edwards, author of *The Storyteller's Goddess*

This rich tapestry of poetry, ritual, story, meditation, and history shows how the patriarchal images of early experience have wounded women and still stand in the way of a self-defined spirituality. Here is a search for a woman-affirming spirituality that reclaims lost power, autonomy, sexuality, wisdom, and divinity.

What is the difference between "woman-affirming spirituality" and "man-affirming spirituality," and is it necessary to continue to engender spirituality?

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DAUGHTERS OF AFRICA

An International Anthology of Words and Writings by Women of African Descent from the Ancient Egyptian to the Present

Edited by Margaret Busby

"Magnificent...contains all the great, enduring themes of literature."

—The Washington Post Book World

From all over the world and through the ages, a dazzling collection of two hundred women writers of African descent, showcased as never before, including Maya Angelou, Alice Childress, Toni Morrison, Terry McMillan, Zora Neale Hurston, Alice Walker, Billie Holiday, and Harriet Tubman.

What are some of the common experiences of women that transcend geography? How do different cultures respond to those characteristics?

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FIRE WITH FIRE

The New Female Power and How to Use It
Naomi Wolf

- National bestseller
- A New York Times Notable Book of the Year

"A literate and rambunctious call to arms...
A tonic to the veteran feminist soul."

—The New York Times Book Review

In her controversial bestseller, *The Beauty Myth*, Naomi Wolf targeted an issue of vital concern to millions of women. In *Fire with Fire*, she urges women to move from "victim feminism" to "power feminism," in a practical, inspiring road map for personal and political equity.

Naomi Wolf calls for women to accentuate their strengths and increase their self-reliance. What do you feel are your greatest assets, and how do you capitalize on them?

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WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES
Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype
Clarissa Pinkola Estés, Ph.D.

- A modern classic—the million-copy #1 New York Times hardcover bestseller

The book that took the country by storm by unleashing the Wild Woman archetype in a remarkable collection of traditional myths and stories with psychological commentary.

Can you think of any women in the media or politics today who are helping to bring back the Wild Woman archetype?

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DIALOGUE 94

Greater St. Paul A. M. E. Church is located at 141 South Cherokee St. in Florence, Alabama*. The Rev. Ralph Neal is pastor. Telephone: (205) 764-3900

*From Court Street, go west on College Street just past the second traffic light (first traffic light after Pine St.) to Cherokee St. Turn right on Cherokee.

Dialogue 94--God, Women, and Words is chaired by Noel Beck.

Dialogue, Inc., was organized for the purpose of creating opportunities for women to come together to share the stories of their spiritual journeys and to explore the relationship between theology and personal experience. The Dialogue conferences are designed to provide these opportunities.

For additional information about *Dialogue 94--God, Women, and Words*, or about Dialogue, Inc., call

Noel Beck (205) 767-6186, or
Susan Carroll (205) 764-9506

This project is supported by a grant from the Alabama Humanities Foundation, a state program of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Dialogue 94 logo designed by Mary Beth Eck



GOD, WOMEN, AND WORDS

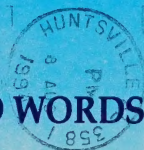
Saturday, September 17, 1994
9:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Greater St. Paul A. M. E. Church

Florence, Alabama

Dialogue 94
P. O. Box 3114
Florence, AL 35630
(205) 764-9506
Return address requested

Neil Richardson
P.O. Box 113
Leeds AL 35094



Registration Form

Please detach and return with registration fee to:
Dialogue 94--God, Women, and Words
 P.O. Box 3114 • Florence, AL 35630
 (205) 764-9506

Registration fee: \$15 advance; \$20 at the door;
 includes lunch.

Please indicate if you will need

_____ child care (no charge)

_____ other (please specify:)

Name and address:

DIALOGUE 94 - GOD, WOMEN, AND WORDS

September 17, 1994

- 8:30 Registration
- 9:00 **Welcome, Words, and Music for Gathering**
Noel Beck
- 9:30 **"Womanism and Feminism: Friends or Foes?"**
Dr. Jacquelyn Grant, Professor of Systematic Theology, Interdenominational Theological Center, Atlanta
- 10:15 Break
- 10:30 Questions and Answers with Dr. Grant
- 11:00 Time for browsing the resource table, looking at the quilt display and *Freedom Quilting Bee* video, listening to music, poetry, storytelling, getting acquainted.
- 12:00 Singing, meal blessing
- 12:15 Lunch (on site, included in fee)
- 1:30 **"The Words We Use: Commonalities and Differences."**
 Facilitated discussion led by Dr. Grant
- 2:30 **Closing celebration**

The resource table will be available throughout the conference.

The Rev. Dr. Jacquelyn Grant

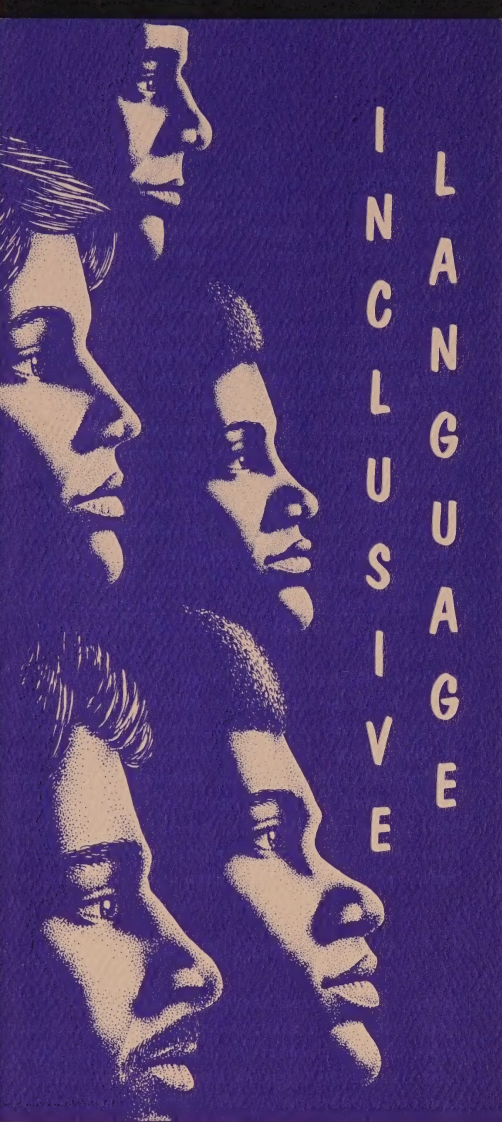
Dr. Jacquelyn Grant brings to the dialogue on feminist theology the unique perspective of a womanist/feminist scholar. Drawing on the reli-

gious experiences of black women as a source of theology, Dr. Grant will examine the differences and commonalities of (black) womanist theology and (white) feminist theology,



using historical, literary, social, and religious examples. In particular, she will address the function and power of language in religion, especially with respect to gender analysis. A witty and compelling speaker, Dr. Grant is a frequent participant in conferences and programs dealing with topics related to women and religion.

Jacquelyn Grant received her Ph. D. in Systematic Theology from Union Theological Seminary. Her book *White Women's Christ and Black Women's Jesus: Feminist Christology and Womanist Response* was published in 1989. She has been visiting lecturer at Princeton Theological Seminary and the Candler School of Theology at Emory University. She is the founder and director of Black Women in Church and Society.



INCLUSIVE LANGUAGE

The Policy of
The Universal Fellowship
of Metropolitan Community
Churches

"The Inclusive Language Policy and Guidelines of UFMCC"

Since its inception, the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches has been committed to inclusivity in its life and faith.

In the 1970's and continuing in the 1980's, the issues of inclusive language (in worship, scriptures, publications, speech) came to the forefront of the whole Christian Church and to the attention of the Universal Fellowship. In 1979, the Board of Elders appointed an Inclusive Language Task Force whose report to the 1981 General Conference in Houston, Texas, was passed overwhelmingly after some amendments were made. That final report forms the policy base for the Universal Fellowship and its local churches regarding the use of inclusive language. Major portions of that report are presented in this pamphlet.

The preamble of the report deals with the question: "Why Inclusive Language?":

"The reason we need to find and use inclusive language in our church life has been widely misunderstood. Inclusive language has often been urged upon congregations on grounds that the use of traditional, non-inclusive language upsets and angers some who then avoid the church. As Christians we need to be concerned about the feelings of others; however, if the only reason we use inclusive language is that it keeps some people from getting upset, then what of those who find the use of inclusive language disturbing because of its unfamiliarity? The principle which guides the life and practice of the church cannot be 'what do most people find comfortable,' but rather, 'what is God's will and purpose?' The reason we need to use

inclusive language is not because we want to keep a particular group happy, but because it is necessary to promote justice, reconciliation and love, the agenda to which we Christians have been called.

A WORLD OF DIVISION

"Because of human sin, we live in a world of division and oppression. Groups which have traditionally exercised control over other groups inevitably and often unconsciously seek to preserve that superior status by denying the same access to power and privilege to others that they themselves enjoy. Such denial may be blatant in the form of discriminatory laws or customs, or it may be hidden but even more potent in the form of oppressive concepts or language. The insidious nature of language which serves to emphasize one group as the norm or standard is that it reinforces that group's primacy and importance every time we think or speak, thus, it becomes automatic or 'natural' to ascribe greater weight to that group. Justice, reconciliation and love demand that we overcome oppression wherever it exists and we cannot exclude the oppressive structures of our language from this task.

WIDENING OUR HEARTS

"The use of inclusive language does more than overcome a barrier to equal access. It frees us to apprehend and convey the wider truth. Paul urges the Corinthians to widen their hearts that they might fully experience the gospel (II Cor. 6:13). In the same spirit, he might urge us to widen our understanding so that we might better grasp the richness and fullness of God as well as of our own humanity. It is our openness to move

beyond comfortable and familiar images that enables us to grow in our relationship with God. The importance of inclusive language is that it serves to liberate everyone."

The Introduction to the guidelines provides a perspective on Christian faith and language and the prophetic task that challenges the Church:

NOT SO SIMPLE

"Language is not so simple a matter as it might first appear. How we speak about something not only describes the experience, but often shapes and creates it. The power and significance of language, words, the word, was clearly understood by the authors of Scripture who identified the act of creation with God's Word, God's speaking. The imagery of God's interaction with humanity is consistently expressed in terms of God's Word or speaking. The early prohibition against uttering God's name was a recognition of the power that a name or word holds.

Indeed, God's delegating to humanity the authority to name the birds and animals was an act of empowerment. Thus, when we deal with language in general and God language in particular, we are venturing into an area of the deepest significance and it is important that we proceed with care and with caution.

CHANGE IS CONSTANT

"At the same time, both the Biblical tradition and the history of the faith community reveal that the one constant in God language is that of change. And how could it be otherwise? For it is a living God whom we worship and respond to. Both as individuals and as communities our understanding and

experience of this God grows as we grow and growth inevitably brings change.

"The Bible in its present form evolved over a period of many centuries. Beginning as stories of faith passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation, these stories were eventually written down and added to.

Different generations of faith communities shaped, edited and retold these stories in light of their own understanding and experience of God. Still other communities later on discussed and debated which stories and which versions would be included as scripture and which would not.

RETELLING THE STORIES

"It is not surprising then, that we, in our age, following the tradition of our forebears in the faith, are retelling and reshaping the great stories of faith in light of our own experience and our own understanding of that same living God.

"Such a restatement is a particular hallmark of any prophetic age, when God calls us into wider understandings of old truths and relationships in light of changing events and experience.

It was after all, the reformulation of the faith by the prophets in response to the destruction of Israel that renewed that faith. It was the restatement of the law in the life and teachings of Jesus that fulfilled that law. It was the re-interpretation of who is the faith community by Paul that laid the foundation for an inclusive and universal church.

GOD IS NOT LIMITED

"The changes that these guidelines represent are in the interest of enlarging and expanding our understanding and experience of God. By no longer identifying God with words or concepts primarily or exclusively associated with one gender, one race, one group, we more faithfully witness to the nature of a God who is not limited to one gender, one race, or one group.

"The fact that such a change is neither familiar nor comfortable for many of us does not mean that we need not expend the effort. Allowing our lives to be transformed by the power of God often involves our submitting to changes that we initially resist.

The fact that such a change requires our learning to restate the traditional formulations of our faith in light of God's present Word is no less than other communities of faith have had to do before us. Indeed, to be part of such an emerging restatement of God's Word is not a burden, but a sacred privilege."

DEFINITIONS

The Universal Fellowship has agreed on the following definitions:

"1. What is inclusiveness?

"Inclusiveness is an attitude or stance of mutuality and openness towards others that recognizes everyone's right of equal access to the experience and realization of wholeness and it is a commitment to remove barriers between individuals and among communities that deny such access.

"2. What is inclusive language?

"Inclusive language reflects an attitude or stance of mutuality and openness towards others that recognizes everyone's right of equal access to the experiences and realization of wholeness.

"Inclusive language reflects a sensitivity to overcome barriers that exist between individuals and among communities in such areas as gender, race, class, age, physical differences, nationality, theological beliefs, culture and lifestyle."

GUIDELINES FOR GENDER

The following guidelines for the use of inclusive language regarding gender were adopted:

"a. References to people:

"i) Use nongendered terms or inclusive gendered terms when referring to all sexes.

"ii) Pronouns should not be of a single gender when referring to all sexes.

"iii) Terms for occupations and roles should not refer to one gender.

"b. Inclusive language for God:

"i) Use nongendered or inclusive gendered terms for God wherever such changes do not alter the fundamental meaning. If gendered term is used, terms of the other gender should be used for balance.

"ii) Balance males images for God with female images.

"iii) Where possible, replace pronouns with nongendered nouns, or use balanced gendered pronouns or words such as 'who', 'whom', 'one', and 'God-self.'

"c. Inclusive language for Jesus the Christ:

"The historical person, Jesus, was male. The historical fact that Jesus was male affirms not that God chose to become incarnate with masculine characteristics, but that Jesus is fully human as well as fully divine. And because Jesus incorporates the humanity of both men and women, it is appropriate to emphasize the full humanity rather than primarily the maleness of Jesus.

"d. The task force recommends as options the use of direct address, adjectives and verbs to replace nouns or pronouns in dealing with inclusive language, carefully considering whether meaning or purpose would be adversely changed."

GUIDELINES FOR RACE

The following guidelines for inclusive language regarding race were also recognized:

"If we are indeed going to be an inclusive church, we must acknowledge that we are the product of our past. Incorporated within our Christian religious heritage is a long history of racism (conscious and unconscious). Racism, whether conscious or unconscious, is destructive and must be overcome

in order for us to be whole in our Christian faith. So, in keeping with our guidelines for inclusivity, we strongly recommend the elimination of racist language, imagery and symbols in references to people, God, Jesus Christ, scripture, hymns, song, liturgy and contemporary language.

"The paradox of Christianity is that what is wisdom to reason is foolishness to God, and what seems foolish or irrational to reason is the true wisdom that leads to redemption. The darkness from which reason flees is the true path to truth and being. This is the constant teaching of the scriptures. The greatest redemptive acts in the history of salvation were done at night or in darkness of Faith.' (Page 162-3, The Dark Center: A Process Theology of Blackness Bulalia Baltazar, Paulist Press, New York, 1973.)"

"The task force had a problem dealing with the separation of the issues of pigmentation (white, black) and illumination (light, dark). Because of its racism, society has so strongly interwoven the two. In a technical and a theological sense they are indeed separate issues whereas, in their practical application, they are often combined. We need to be especially mindful of how we use terms of lightness and darkness."

A LIFETIME COMMITMENT

Some of the important recommendations of the Task Force included that: Inclusive language be introduced in membership classes; that these guidelines be applied at all levels of the life of UFMCC, in written, visual and spoken form, on the local, national and international levels; that study materials be designed; that candidates for the ministry be

aware of these guidelines; and that date and seasonal references maintain sensitivity to global differences.

Very significantly for all of us in UFMCC, these guidelines were then applied in the editing of our Statement of Faith as we know it today.

The clergy and lay delegates of the 10th General Conference recognized that these are guidelines--meaning that local churches would be entrusted to use and adapt these for local use. We also agreed that the the processes of education and consciousness raising would be a lifetime commitment for all of us.

Finally, the Inclusive Language policy of the Universal Fellowship is not written in stone--meaning that our understanding of inclusiveness must continue to evolve.

COVENANT METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH

3001 Fourth Avenue, South

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Birmingham, Alabama 35210



REVISED 4/87

CLOUTreach

Women who seek to be equal
with men lack ambition!



CLOUTreach

The Quarterly Newsletter for Christian Lesbians OUT Together

Whore-ishly Implementing the Political Vision of the Christ-Sophia presented to the International CLOUT Gathering, SUNY Brockport, August 1995 by Virginia Ramey Mollenkott

Most of us no doubt remember that Jesus of Nazareth was repeatedly accused of receiving sinners and eating with them. As a matter of fact, according to Luke 15, it was precisely that accusation that launched Jesus on his three stories of God as a female or male shepherd seeking and finding that one lost sheep, God as a female homeowner finding her one lost coin, and God as an unconditionally loving father welcoming home his disreputable son. And wherever Jesus traveled or ate, women were present with him, many of them unmarried, some of them providing financial support for the disciples. What I had not known until recently was that during Jesus' place and time, all women were defined as whores or prostitutes if they were living outside of what was considered "appropriate male control."¹ Therefore, my sisters, we lesbians (or bisexual women living in same-sex relationships) may see ourselves included in that First-Century category of women who have evaded male control. We are the whores of Jesus the Christ-Sophia's place and time; and Jesus received us, depended upon our assistance, and broke bread with us.

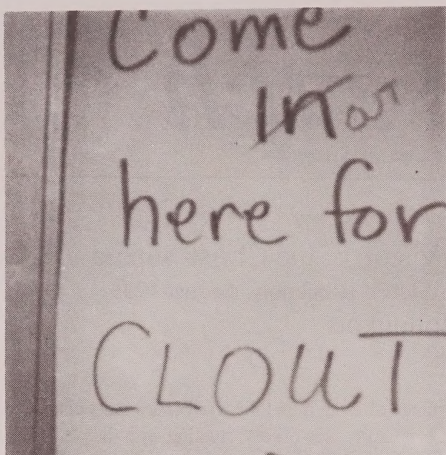
Let us consider for a moment one of the many reasons we may with perfect Christian orthodoxy refer to Jesus as the Sophia-Christ or the Christ-Sophia. Jesus as the minister and/or the embodiment of God's wisdom (*hokmah* in Hebrew, *sophia* in Greek, both feminine gender) was the predominant image of the Christ in the First-Century Christian church, as witness the many references in Paul and the Gospels to Jesus as the wisdom (*sophia*) of God.² During the Second and Third Centuries, the image of the Christ as Sophia co-existed with the Stoic image of the Logos, Christ as the deeper reason or meaning of the universe. Church leaders like Irenaeus and Clement of Alexandria used gynocentric images of Christ-as-Sophia and androcentric images of Christ-as-Logos in pairings that gave the impression of Christ as androgynous. But in the Fourth Century, when Christianity became the Establishment religion, and after the Council of Nicea, imagery of Christ Jesus as God's only begotten Son displaced both Christ-as-Sophia and Christ-as-Logos to become the one non-negotiable image of Jesus. Because Jesus was male and also God's Son, the assumption was made that if the Second Person of the Trinity is male and is the

perfect image of God, then the First Person must also be male. Hence Christianity was off and running with the obsessive use of the metaphor of God as Father, a metaphor that has caused many people to imagine that males are gods. The almost-exclusive use of the Father metaphor and the reasoning underlying it provide an example of misplaced particularization: if Jesus' human particularities literally describe God, then God is not only male, but Jewish, young, working-class, and bisexual. (I assume that Jesus was bisexual because of the descriptions of Jesus' intimacy with the male "disciple whom Jesus loved" and also with Mary Magdalene in the canonical and apocryphal gospels.)

Church historian Virginia Burrus describes Christianity's Fourth-Century Re-Imagining this way: there was a figurative automobile accident in which Sophia and Logos imagery were run over by Sonship imagery: "Sophia was killed and Logos was wounded."³ It was the total eclipse of Sophia by Sonship that made possible our contemporary ignorance of the Wisdom Trajectory, so that the Right Wing folks could get away with



Virginia Ramey Mollenkott



A sign of the times.

accusing the 1993 Re-Imagining Conference of “worshipping a pagan goddess named Sophia.”

Turning now to the political vision of Jesus the Christ-Sophia: Jesus told a parable about a person who made a feast, and because many of the invited guests sent their regrets, the host sent out his servants to bring to the table anybody they could find. Luke’s version says bring in the *outcasts*; Matthew says bring in *both good and bad people*; the Gospel of Thomas says simply bring back *whomever you can find*.⁴ Imagine the motley mix who would have eaten together at that feast: women next to men at a time when such mixing was considered disgusting; free people next to slaves; ritually pure next to ritually impure; elegantly respectable people being jostled by “disreputables” with no table manners whatsoever; “whores” next to wives of distinguished husbands.

In their book on the anthropology of eating, Peter Farb and George Armelagos point out that in all societies, “eating is the primary way of initiating and maintaining human relationships. . . . To know what, where, when, and with whom people eat is to know the character of their society.”⁵ So: what kind of society was Jesus depicting as the kingdom [“g” dropped on purpose], —ed.] of She Who Is, the realm of Sophia-God? Jesus depicted a non-discriminatory table, an anticulture, a radically egalitarian society that jells together all races, all classes, all sexualities, all genders, and all gender-benders.

And since most people in Mediterranean society saw themselves as honorable only when they were admired by others whom *they* considered honorable,⁶ the idea of living in Jesus’ hodgepodge lodge seemed irrational, absurd, without honor, full of shame.⁷ But to those who demeaned him for his radical egalitarianism, Jesus merely replied, “Wisdom is vindicated by her deeds” (Matt. 11:19, NRSV). Sublimely undisturbed by

identifying himself with the female personification of God as Wisdom and applying to himself a gynocentric pronoun, Jesus said that a radically egalitarian discipleship of equals is what a Sophia-Christian society looks like. It seems to me that by his words and actions, Jesus gave us CLOUT sisters our mission: as Jesus’ “Whorish” disciples, our job is to get out there in the highways and hedges and city streets and bring home to the liberating feast all the other outcasts, people we perceive as good or bad without discriminating among them, in fact extending God’s love to just whomever we can find.

So much for the vision. But talk is cheap sometimes and politics (the actual brokering of power in society that implements vision) is tough. So now I want to raise a few questions for us as a group of Christian lesbians and bisexuals out together, questions that arose in my mind as I was reading Shane Phelan’s new book, *Getting Specific: Postmodern Lesbian Politics* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1994).

The first question is this: how can we as CLOUT members make Christian lesbianism visible “in our irreducible plurality” and in all the truth of what Phelan calls “the instability of lesbian identity”?⁸ Perhaps, instead of assuming that those who call themselves bisexuals simply have not yet gotten up the courage to call themselves lesbian, we should learn to “welcome the specificity of each new person’s mode of life.” By this porous, pluralistic, postmodern standard of lesbian identity, perhaps some of us were wrong to get angry at Holly Near for marrying a man several years after she had asked us to *Imagine [Her] Surprise*. Perhaps, instead of logical discourse in which we say “Someone is a lesbian only if X,” we should switch simply to paying attention to one another’s stories. Instead of asking, “Are you lesbian and how do you know?” perhaps we should be asking, “What does this woman’s lesbian or bisexual or transgendered identity mean to her? What does her life have to teach us?” Because I have several friends who insist they are bisexual and feel offended to be called lesbian, I am intensely interested in this question and hope it will be discussed in these pages.

Another question: how can we become “lesbian citizens,” gaining power in a larger project of radical democracy that eliminates the special privileges accorded to the normative, the rich, the white, the heterosexual? We lesbians can live in separatist bliss if we want to, but that does nothing for the larger society or the churches to which we belong. If we want to implement the political vision of the Christ-Sophia, we must learn to strategically affiliate ourselves with other political or religious groups in order to overcome exploitation, marginalization, powerlessness, cultural imperialism and systemic violence, not only against ourselves but against oppressed people everywhere. As Phelan says, “Our politics must be informed by affinity rather than identity, not simply because we are not all alike, but because we each embody multiple, often conflicting, identities and locations.”⁹ I take this to mean that CLOUT should readily form coalitions with organizations that are working for goals we share even partially, such as Habitat for Humanity, the Women’s Ordination Conference, the Evangelical and Ecumenical Women’s Caucus, or gay male organiza-

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STATEMENT OF COMMITMENT

(for review or for first reading by those who are new to our mailing list)

Christian Lesbians OUT Together, CLOUT, is a developing coalition of "out" lesbian Christians in solidarity with one another. Because Christian institutions have historically devalued the gifts and stifled the voices of lesbian women, we hold our identity as "Christian" and "Lesbian" in creative tension. We respect the right of every woman to define for herself what it means to be both Christian and Lesbian. Our primary purpose is to claim our spiritual and sexual wholeness, to proclaim the goodness of our lives, our ministries and our relationships, and to empower ourselves and each other to challenge the churches to which we belong.

As a developing inter-cultural, multi-racial coalition, we are committed to struggling against all oppressive forces, within ourselves and within institutions of which we are a part. As global citizens and lesbian sisters, we struggle against the forces of sexism and misogyny, heterosexism and homophobia. We disavow racism, anti-Semitism, anti-Arabism, U.S. imperialism, classism, ableism, clericalism and any action, structure, or system that fosters domination and injustice.

We value the richness of partnership between lay and ordained women in ministry, and equally affirm the leadership, gifts, and perspectives of each. Because of the increasing oppression of lesbian clergy and seminarians in the protestant churches at this time, we seek the empowerment of ordained lesbians and those who are being rejected for ordination because we are lesbian. We recognize that lesbian clergy leadership is compromised by institutional policies which reinforce "closeting" and create a high price for openness. Therefore, we will work to overturn such policies, inviting our lesbian clergy sisters to join in claiming our wholeness together. We also recognize that there are those sisters who have not sought the structural privilege of ordination because they do not regard it as necessary or helpful to the integrity and wholeness of their lives and leadership in ministry. We celebrate the diversity of different views and different choices in ministry. Together, we will work on behalf of justice and liberation for all lesbians, lay and ordained, catholic and protestant.

(Next CLOUTreach: the 4 primary aims of CLOUT.)

INTRODUCING THE NEW CLOUT COUNCIL

Mitzi N. Eilts, Chair; Laurie Fox, Treasurer; La Paula Turner,* Program; Lainey Rathgeber, Regional Liaison; Kyle A. Cooper, Fundraising; Susan Leo,* Global Gathering '97; and Diana Vezmar-Bailey,* CLOUTreach Editor/Administrative Coordinator. New regional coordinators are Debby Darrow, Mid Atlantic, and Judith Finlay, Western Region. Lainey Rathgeber will also serve as the Southern region coordinator.

And this is how it all came about: The CLOUT council gathered on Dee Miller's front porch in Rochester all day Thursday before the International Gathering began to discern our present and future as CLOUT. Realities were that no one had officially applied for the National Coordinator position, and no one had sent in an application for the Council. As we engaged one another in conversation about matching needs and time/talents of CLOUT and its constituency, we presented the following to those at the Gathering.

- that Diana Vezmar-Bailey be hired for \$400/month to continue doing the newsletter plus responding to voice mail and correspondence and updating the data base.
- that we elect and/or reassign Council members to specific tasks (listed above).

- that we hold elections early enough in the Conference so that the new and outgoing Council people could meet before heading for home.

- that we continue doing what we do well: newsletter, conferences, networking.

- that we ask Council members--and, indeed, all CLOUT women--to take on the role of spokespersons for CLOUT, since that role, formerly in the National Coordinator's position description, is now reassigned.

- that we encourage the new Council to meet face-to-face at least once between International Gatherings assisted in part with the funds saved by scaling down the Coordinator's position.

Those present at the Gathering concurred with the recommendations of the CLOUT Council. The gathered participants also spent time together in regional groups and came up with additional suggestions for strengthening CLOUT programming and services, particularly at the regional level.

*returning Council members

(Mollenkott, from page 2)

tions, without feeling that our entire agendas and definitions must be fully identified with one another. Again, I invite discussion.

A third question: are we making a mistake to base so much of our plea for first-class citizenship in church and society on the reality many of us feel, that we did not choose and cannot change our sexuality? Certainly my own work has pursued that tack, making analogies between, say, heterosexist injustice and racist injustice. But now I am wondering: perhaps we should also base our claim for equal rights in all categories simply on our status as members, as citizens, regardless of whether or not we feel we chose to become lesbian. From what I hear, about 60% of us lesbians feel we were born lesbian, while the other 40% feel there was some choice involved.

In his book on *Gays/Justice* (Columbia University Press, 1988), Richard Mohr develops an analogy between gay rights and religious freedom that seems important here. Our equal rights as citizens are legally protected in many categories that are pretty well fixed, such as national origin, race, gender, and physical disability; so it has seemed natural to us to argue that sexual orientation is also fixed, as indeed most responsible medical, psychological, and sociological research indicates to be true. Yet as Mohr points out, religious freedom is also a protected category, and not just for those who remain in their religion of birth. We can choose to change religions, but we remain legally protected from discrimination on the basis of our religious affiliation. Our religion may even engage in certain practices that are illegal, such as polygamy or the use of peyote, but nevertheless being a Mormon or a Native American worshiper still qualifies for religious protection. Since our churches benefit from the protection of free choice in religion, perhaps we should push this analogy a whole lot harder than we have formerly done.

To say it another way: because society defines us as outsiders, we can gain clout by making alliances with other outsiders in projects where our goals intersect. But perhaps our approach to churches should change from, "You are unjustly excluding us over something we did not choose and cannot change" to something more like this: "A free society cannot obsessively contain the sexuality of its citizens any more than it can control their religious choices. And a church that respects individual conscience cannot hope to control the sexualities of its members. So why don't Christian churches try instead to re-establish the radically egalitarian society Jesus envisioned, the society he associated with his agenda as Sophia-Christ, the Wisdom of God?"

A fourth question: since white lesbians are open to seduction through access to education, career advancement and pay (and so forth) that many lesbians of color are denied, how can we keep that differential always in our minds and strategies? Aida Hurtado points out that in the United States all women are subordinated to white men, but white women are seduced into subordination through promises of benefits and privileges, whereas women of color are subordinated through rejection and abuse. These two different kinds of subordination cause us to

develop different political responses and skills. How can we white CLOUT members utilize these differences in radically egalitarian ways? How can we see to it that we build a ground together with lesbians of color instead of first staking out our own ground and then inviting lesbians of color to sit on it with us?¹⁰

My fifth and final question is closely related to all the others: is it time to combine our emphasis on individual liberation with more emphasis on the acquisition of power, including political clout? The metaphor of liberation suggests gaining self-respect while remaining somewhat powerless to change political systems. Many of us have done good work of empowering ourselves and others in individual ways. But isn't it time to envision a radical democratizing politics in which we would gain power in order to transform it? Power-over is neutral, not evil, despite what many feminists have said. In my college classroom, I have dozens of ways of seeing to it that everybody reads the assignment and learns the work. That is the exercise of power-over; but I use that power transformatively, attempting to empower each student to use her or his own mind and hear his or her own voice entering into serious and respectful discussion. We Christian lesbians should not in my opinion be trying to eliminate all power-over others but rather to gain political power in order to recreate it and reconfigure it democratically.¹¹ I suspect that affinity politics rather than identity politics will be part of the answer to this question as well as to earlier ones, and I eagerly await discussion from others among my sisters.

¹John Dominic Crossan, *Jesus: A Revolutionary Biography* (Harper San Francisco, 1995), p. 69.

²Jann Aldredge-Clanton, *In Search of the Christ-Sophia* (Mystic, CT: 23rd Publications, 1995), p. 29. For superb discussion of the entire Godhead as Sophia, see Elizabeth A. Johnson, *She Who Is: The Mystery of God in Feminist Theological Discourse* (N.Y.: Crossroad, 1993).

³Lecture delivered by Virginia Burrus at Drew University, March 22, 1995.

⁴Crossan, p. 67.

⁵*Consuming Passions* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1980), pp. 4 and 211.

⁶See Peter Bourdieu, "The Sentiment of Honor in Kelye Society," in *Honor and Shame: The Values of Medieval Society* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1974), pp. 211-212.

⁷Crossan, p. 70. ⁸Phelan, p. 96. ⁹Phelan, p. 140. ¹⁰Phelan, pp. 116, 158.

¹¹Phelan, p. 121.

Editor's note: Virginia described Aldredge-Clanton's book as "readable" and Johnson's "challenging."

The Timidity Fight Song (Sung to the tune of "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus")

We are introverted; to be shy is our right.
We will not be converted; we won't give up the fight.
We will not take your insults; we won't be pushed around.
But we will stand here proudly, and stare at the ground.

by Faith Markle who, joined by Leslie Chartier, sang this song at the Rochester Gathering, dedicated to Janie Spahr.

"Rising From Our Roots"
Selisse Berry and La Paula Turner
Downtown United Presbyterian Church
August 18, 1995

The first reading: Isaiah 28:16-17

Therefore these are the words of Yahweh God:
I am laying a stone in Zion, a block of granite,
a precious corner-stone well founded;
those who have faith will not waver.
I shall use justice as a plumb-line
and righteousness as a plummet.
Then hail will sweep away your refuge of lies
and floodwaters carry away your shelter.

The second reading: "Still I Rise" by Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.



La Paula Turner & Selisse Berry

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

La Paula: So, what will we leave behind? What will we leave our families? Who is our family? What will we leave our church? Who is our church? What will we leave the next generation? Who is the next generation? What will be our legacy? Would any of this be determined by our foundation, our roots? Roots, well . . .

I was born the daughter of a dishwasher who dreamed of being an artist, the granddaughter of a shrewd business woman who dreamed of being an opera singer, the great granddaughter of a Black Cherokee.

I was born the daughter of a maintenance man who dreamed of being a florist, the granddaughter of a man whom I saw only once and he took me to my first baseball game in Memphis, Tennessee, the great granddaughter of someone I never knew and never heard a word about.

As a Colored girl who grew up to be a Negro, who accepted and claimed being Black in the '60's and who is still dealing with being African-American, maybe because Jesse said so, . . . I am very pleased that I am who I am.

I learned about God through my grandmother; I was her first grandchild and her favorite. She loved God and revered God. We (my little cousin and I) were not allowed to move during the thunder and electrical storms of springtime in Tennessee. We sat on the couch and she paced the floor and talked to her God. We listened while she sang "Open my eyes, that I may see, glimpses of truth thou hast for me. . . ." She sang "All to Jesus, I surrender. . . ." She sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, comin' for to carry me home." She calmed us down and she must have calmed God down, too, because by the time she stopped singing the storm was over.

Now let's see, if God was Lord, my grandmother must be Lady, they worked together so well.

Growing up in the south was not the greatest experience for a pretty little black girl who could get a seat on the front of the bus because she was a "cute little colored girl" while her grandmother had to stand in the back of the bus. That soon changed because I learned to say "thank you for the seat, my grandmother can sit here and I'll sit on her lap." Well what could the sweet little white lady say to the cute little colored girl; she just gave us the seat. What was I learning, what was the real truth of the situation?

That was my beginning, Selisse, what about you?

Selisse: *I am the daughter of a school teacher, the granddaughter of a doctor and nurse, and the great granddaughter of farmers in Switzerland.*

I am the daughter of an artist, the granddaughter of a man who created a lake and a woman who took in ironing and the great granddaughter of a minister.

I grew up in Oklahoma and I now live in San Francisco. I really love San Francisco but I have to admit there's one thing I'm not that fond of and that's that it's often freezing in the summer time. This past spring I knew I was looking forward to several months of a cold damp foggy summer. That was when I heard the desert call me. I woke up one morning and knew that I had to go to the desert.

I called my friend Kathryn Poethig and told her that I had to go to the desert and I wanted her to go with me. We had a wonderful time driving down to Joshua Tree National Monument and both felt that the desert held magic.

On Saturday I went for a long walk and found my soul feeling so relieved to be among such enormous rocks. The rocks spoke to me of strength, of solid foundations, of connections to something so deep and so dense, I had no words for it. There were times when I would stand next to a rock and stretch out my arms around it and put my cheek next to its coolness. Or I would lie down on a large flat rock and stretch out my arms to feel its strength next to me. My whole being felt rooted and secure.

I felt such a strong connection to my roots, and interestingly to a sense of home that I had never really experienced before. As we drove away from our campsite later that day I was amazed at the beauty that surrounded us and that feeling of groundedness stayed with me. That was the very day, in one of life's poignant ironies, that I learned that my mother had died.

My mom had had a stroke a year before and was not in good health, but she was relatively young and ornery and my sisters and I felt like she would be around for a very long time. My mom got married and had three children during a time when that seemed like the only option she had as a woman. She was also an artist, and was very creative. And she was eccentric and temperamental. She was very talented in many ways but not really at being a mom. She was a mom because that was what women were in the 1950's in Oklahoma. And she struggled with her role as a mom, a wife and a creative artist.

As Kathryn and I were driving away from Joshua Tree, I knew it had been my mom who had asked me to come to the desert. She told me that she finally felt foot loose and fancy free and I had a vivid picture of her dancing on the horizon. She seemed to be delighted that I was in the desert because the desert is such a beautiful place. The desert is full of magic.

My mother was an unhappy woman and I grew up wanting to make her happy. After a lot of prayer and therapy and healing relationships, I realized that only my mom could make herself happy and that I was only responsible for my own happiness. At the time of her death, I had a very real sense that she was finally free and that I felt grounded. And those two things were somehow deeply connected. The day my mom died, the rocks had held me and reminded me of being connected and of being home.

La Paula: My grandmother taught me about Jesus, how he was a friend to us all and so as a little girl, he became my friend because being an only child, I needed a playmate.

I graduated 10th in my high school class. I received a full scholarship to a college in Greensborough, North Carolina. My grandmother could not fathom my living in another state, so she tried to make a deal with me, that if I went to college in Memphis, she would pay for it. Well, I thought, I'd outsmart her. I'd had proposals from five young men; I'd run away with the first one that showed up, and I did. I hadn't outsmarted her; I hadn't been very smart at all.

It was only after I'd had a miserable second marriage and birthed six children that I finally went to college. Well, it was actually after my last child, a daughter was born on the same day that my grandmother died and a year later, I didn't know how to observe my grandmother's death and celebrate my daughter's birth at the same time, and was brutally beaten by a man that was not my children's father that I ran away to St. Louis, Missouri and matriculated through Harris Teachers College. Did you get that? Sometimes still it is painful to remember.

My grandmother died at 4:30 a.m. on the 11th of July 1965. My daughter literally stood up in my stomach at 4:30 a.m. while I was in labor. She and my grand must have had some kinda' conversation because she was not actually born until 10:00 a.m. on the 11th of July 1965.

My grand had been my strength, my grand had been my wisdom, my comfort in times of trouble, she had been my deliverer, my everything! I hated my mother for being alive. What could she give me? (How selfish I was.) Where had she been all my life anyway? (How blind I had been.) What would I do now? My foundation had broken open and crumbled under my feet. I was experiencing an emotional and spiritual earthquake! Where was my God, where was my Lady? Who would watch over me now? Living a year without my grand was unbearable. I just wanted to die. I had no resources. I was too proud to go on welfare - besides Tennessee has a thing about giving less to women of color than to white women. My inheritance was stolen from me by family; my children's father was too busy beginning a new

family. My children looked to me for food, for clothing, for care and compassion, for love, for an explanation of what happened to their great grandmother. What would I do now? To whom would I look for help? . . . "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the LADY who dwells in heaven and earth.

Selisse: I grew up in the Presbyterian Church in Stillwater, Oklahoma. When I was in high school I would go with the senior high fellowship every spring break on work trips. Without ever really having a specific conversation, our Senior High Fellowship group was committed to two things: working for justice and having a really good time.

The church never hit me over the head with theology or with a bunch of rules about my behavior. But it provided a foundation for me, a structure within which to work around issues of injustice. In very subtle ways, I learned about racism and about poverty and hunger. And I got on some very deep level that I was responsible for working to change things. Because I had some level of privilege, I didn't have to become obsessed with white guilt, but I couldn't just sit back and do nothing. As an adult I have recognized that as a white, educated middle-class woman, I must do my part to work against racism in this society and to work to change the structures which oppress people of color and poor people and women, which sometimes means **shaking** the very foundations of those structures which may even include the institutional church.

Many of the reasons I decided to go to seminary had their roots in those early youth fellowship days in Oklahoma. I went to seminary because I thought it would enable me to work for social change as a full time job and I was naive enough at the time to think that I could actually get paid to do it! But something happened while I was in seminary. Something unforgivable by the Presbyterian church's standards. At the ripe old age of 30, I finally acknowledged who I am as a lesbian woman and began to live openly with regards to who I am and who I love. Suddenly the injustice that I had been taught by my own church to hate was being perpetrated on me as a lesbian by the very same institution. The same church that had taught me about love and justice was no longer a welcome place for me.

Sometimes we are called to build foundations. And sometimes we are called to shake the foundations of structures that oppress and destroy the human spirit.

Two weeks ago I was in Cincinnati at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. On Saturday night, during the PLGC gathering, Janie and I and several of the contributors to the book *Called OUT* had an opportunity to read from our stories in the book. The very first person who came up to me afterwards to have me sign his book was Gordon Edwards who is now the pastor of my home church in Oklahoma. He wanted me to sign his book and another book he had purchased for two lesbian women who had celebrated a holy union in his church. Two lesbians who live in my home town in Oklahoma.

I was quite moved and had a deep sense that while I was doing my part for justice by living in San Francisco and helping to edit a book on lesbian and gay Presbyterians, those two women are doing their part by being an out lesbian couple in Stillwater and Gordon is doing his part as a straight, white male Presbyterian minister by being an ally and breaking the rules of the national church by performing a same sex holy union.

All of us are in the process of building--and shaking--our foundations.

La Paula: And shaken again, I was at a General Conference. The Holy Spirit moved: in tongues, interpretation, healings. The Holy Spirit was not a part of my consciousness until I found the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, where I am now an ordained clergy. At first I experienced the Holy Spirit in the process of receiving Holy Communion. I thought that I felt so new because there was actually wine served at The Holy Supper, but as my journey continued I began to recognize the Holy Spirit in my life.

During my college days, I became starkly aware of my lesbianism. I fell in love with one of my Sorority sisters. She was white pledging a black sorority. She was very butch and I was "Miss Fem of every year," so my sorority sisters placed me in charge of teaching her how to be and walk like a "lady."

I lied about my past life and said I had no children. But here I was in a Teachers College. I became the first undergraduate to hold an international office in Zeta Phi Beta Sorority, my lover became my support. In a hidden room at her father's house, I told her of my secret and the pain of leaving my children. I prayed so hard that they would not hate me.

My journey became pressed for time, time that I had spent being miserable as a housewife, dreaming of being somebody who would make a difference in the world, pushing back the call to ministry that continued to press through to the front of my heart and mind.

I was active in the community through my college. I became a speaker to young black people during the riots of the late '60's. My Afro was as big as Angela Davis's, but I didn't have her courage.

I was known as a radical, big haired, mini-skirted, mega-voiced speaker for justice for my people, a champion for the rioters who burned down their roach and rat-infested homes owned by slumlords who had never cared about their lives, only about their money.

Being a radical about my lifestyle came a little slower. God and I didn't have a problem with it; I just didn't know how to face people. Why did they hate me just because I loved a woman and she loved me back? Well, I finally asked myself, why do they hate me just because of my permanent tan? OOOOOOOOOOh! I got it! It was their own fear and their own self hatred. I hadn't planned my existence as a Lesbian or as a Black woman. I chose to be a mother and yes, I chose to be Christian. And finally I chose to say yes to El Shaddai and reckon with being clergy. Now, I had to deal with all of what justice meant. NOT just for my people, but to break the chain of all the isms: racism, able-ism, ageism, sexism, politically-correct ism.

Selisse: A group of us have just spent the weekend together for a national gathering of CLOUT (Christian Lesbians Out Together). When we were trying to come up with a theme for this CLOUT gathering, we talked about the desire to focus on who we are, where we've been and where we're going. We all laughed when we heard someone suggest *CLOUT, Our One Foundation*, but it seemed to work. It works because for many of us, CLOUT has become foundational in the ways we live in this world. We are out lesbians and we are part of a larger lesbian and gay community. And in many different ways and for many reasons, we also find our community in the church. Even in spite of the church's sexism

and homophobia and racism, we have experienced a sense of home, a sense of family.

We feel a sense of community because we are all in this together. Because all of us as members of CLOUT and PLGC and members of MCC and Dignity and Integrity and UCC Lesbian and Gay Coalition, we are all committed to supporting each other and are committed to struggling against the institutions which oppress us. **And** we also feel a sense of community because of people who are allies like Gordon Edwards and Gail Ricciuti and Virginia Davidson. . . and because of people like you, because of Downtown United Presbyterian Church, a church that has dared to stand up against injustice, who because of *its* firm foundation, has been called to shake the foundations of the Presbyterian Church (USA) with justice and with truth.

The church is our roots. It has been our family and our home. And it has been a source of pain. We have been called to build. . . and we have also been called to rise. Up from the past that's rooted in pain, I rise. Leaving behind self hatred and fear, I rise. Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear, I rise.

I have been to the desert and have felt my roots grow deep. I have stretched out my arms and have felt the wisdom of the ages in the massive strength of granite. I have sat in meetings with people from my church who have committed their lives to the pursuit of justice. I have seen the spirit in the faces of our allies and friends. I have felt God's presence during strategy meetings and demonstrations and during civil and ecclesiastical disobedience.

I feel the spirit moving among the 50,000 women who will meet at the end of August for the UN World Conference on Women in Beijing, of which I will be a part, to work toward access to health care and education and justice for all women and to join hands around the globe to combat violence against women everywhere it exists. I felt God's presence at the PLGC gathering in Cincinnati as women and men told their stories of being lesbian and gay and bisexual and transgendered Presbyterians. And I felt God's infinite passion as women from across the United States and Canada gathered together this week-end to celebrate the miracle of being OUT, lesbian and Christian.

I have felt my roots go deep and I have felt my spirit soar.

La Paula: My heros are the 11 women who became ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1974. They gave me foundation to stand my ground and be counted in my ministerial journey.

My heros are the courageous women and men who rode the busses to Mississippi, who took part in sit-ins, who spoke out and took risks to sound the drums of justice. They gave me foundation to stand my ground and be counted when confronting the legislature.

My heros are those women who are political prisoners. Their commitment laid the foundation that gives me strength to continue in the struggle for justice.

Hail to the writers who saved my spirit from traveling a narrow, limiting road and broadened my horizons: Mary Daly, Rosemary Ruether, Virginia Mollenkott, Adrienne Rich, Judy Grahn, Carter Heyward, Toni Morrison, Audre Lorde and of course our Poet Laureate Maya Angelou.

My heros are the women of UFMCC. Janie Spahr, you are my hero.

You know who these persons are in your lives. If you don't, go out and find them. They are there waiting for the spirit of Christ in you to reach out to them, waiting for the pain in their lives to be dissipated and replaced by the clear cool water of the Holy Spirit, waiting for the hatred for themselves and those who are different to re-energize into love and hope for the future, waiting for the person who's afraid to challenge the status quo to become justice oriented in everyday life. It is time for you, too, to rise from the dust. These are our families, these are our churches. Let's talk and decide productively what will be our legacy for the next generation.

Both: Leaving behind self-hatred and fear

La Paula: let us rise.

Both: Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear,

Selisse: let us rise.

I am a black ocean, leaping and wide

La Paula: Welling and swelling, I bear in the tide

Selisse: leaving behind us the fear and the pain

I rise.

La Paula: Into a new day with justice and truth

I rise.

Both: I rise.

I rise.

I rise.

from MITZI EILTS *CLOUT Council, Chair:*

It's my first communication with CLOUT signers and friends, and thanks to the nature of the gathering in Rochester the topic is an important one: racism. Racism was a key part of the main program and was explored in some of the workshops at Rochester. As such, a solid foundation was made for the discussion which occurred as the group set out to nominate and elect a new Council from among those present on Saturday, August 12.

The sea of nearly all white faces at Rochester was surprising to many--to those present at the two previous CLOUT gatherings, to those whose lives are lived in communities with more racial diversity, to those who want something different than the *status quo* for CLOUT. And so we talked together, women of color and white women, about what factors may have contributed to fewer lesbians of color being present at this gathering. We talked about how the little racial diversity affected all of us and each of us--similarly and differently. We discovered and celebrated that there was actually more racial diversity than could easily be seen among us, and discussed the tensions in all of that reality as well. We identified economics, as well as political and personal agendas as potential factors.

Finally, we honored who we were for now: a group with only a bit of actual racial diversity and a group with a lot of interest and commitment to uncovering our role, resources and power in dealing with racism. In confessing our current location we held up the vision that this is not all we can or will be--that we believe that CLOUT gatherings can again be more racially inclusive and/or we will find ways to align ourselves with the issues and organizations where lesbians of color already live. We committed ourselves to change vs. apology, guilt and paralysis.

We're not the first group, nor the last, to come face to face with racism in our midst and make such a commitment. Many have fallen far short of such a commitment. I dare say, though, I believe we can and will gain ground on this issue. We must, for as Christians such justice is required of us. We must, for as lesbians we know the systems of gender, orientation and race

oppression are integrally linked. We must, for those of us who are lesbians of color must not be forced to choose one identity over another.

The new CLOUT Council is committed to seeing racism as interconnected to all our mission. As its chair, I covenant now with all of you that each time the council meets (on the phone or in person) reviewing our progress on racism will be on the agenda.* I also challenge and support each signer and friend of CLOUT--white people and people of color--look for the ways, the people and the groups where you personally and CLOUT locally and regionally can make alliances. We can be in a very different place when once again CLOUT gathers two years from now in Portland, Oregon.

I am acutely aware that many of you reading this do not know me, nor I you. Trusting that we each walk our talk comes only with time. It is my hope and prayer that in time and space, we will have opportunity to work together on all of this and more. And such working together, I know, will not always be sweet. We will disagree. We will have to figure out how to argue with each other, express rage and anger without destroying, challenge and support and forgive each other, and always keep seeking the kingdom [*Yes, we're dropping the "g" these days!--ed.*] of God before us and all around us.

If you have things you would like to communicate to the Council about this issue, to me in regard to this article, or to CLOUT as a coalition/movement (which was another important conversation we had in Rochester over issues of purpose/mission, membership, non-profit status, etc.--fodder for another article in an upcoming *CLOUTreach*) please write, call or e-mail. You will find addresses and numbers elsewhere in this newsletter.

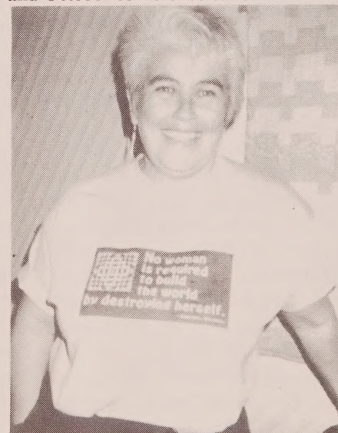
Racism. Not a pretty word; an even uglier reality, one which diminishes us all. Thank God, I believe it can be unlearned. With God/dess's help it can be dismantled. We know it is not the way things ought or have to be. We are called to be part of this new heaven and new earth. Thanks be to God!

*Note: the FOR FUND (For Overcoming Racism) discussed at the business meeting in Rochester is on the Council's agenda for our September and October conference calls.

Pray for Peace

People across the world have been invited to join in two minutes of simultaneous prayer for peace in Bosnia - Herzegovina each Friday from August 11 - September 11 at 12 noon Pacific time, 3:00 Eastern time. At the CLOUT conference, all joined in this effort.

Perhaps we CLOUT sisters can continue this moment of prayers for peace beyond September 11 and expand the prayer to include global peace.



Mitzi N. Eilts

From the Editor/Coordinator
Diana Vezmar-Bailey

Dear Women in CLOUTland:

I've hit the ground running after the International Gathering. Letters to do, people to call, pictures to develop, po box, voice mail, . . . Phew. On my way to & fro, I've been reflecting on my CLOUT journey that brought me to this place.

I first heard about CLOUT from CathyAnn Beaty upon her return from New York. I eagerly signed the Statement of Commitment, having recently (January 1989) requested to be "relieved of the practice of ordained office" in the Presbyterian church. You *bet* I'm out!!

I remember the incredible indomitable energy in '91 in Minneapolis during a record snowstorm (which is *saying* something about snow!). We cheered the arrival of lusty women who didn't let the snow stop them. I can still remember what it felt like being in a small group with Carter Heyward and Mary Hunt discussing "out" and "christian" and "lesbian."

While mowing the lawn one summer day in '93, I realized that I couldn't NOT afford the San Francisco gathering. (Plastic makes it *too* easy to travel. . . .) Since I had been doing a newsletter for my day job, I volunteered to do CLOUTreach while at that Gathering. That certainly kept CLOUT alive for me for the next couple

National Just Say VETO Campaign

Contact President Clinton between September 18 - 22 and ask him to **VETO** the **1995 CONGRESSIONAL WELFARE REFORM BILL**. Call the White House (202-456-1111) or fax the White House (202-456-2461) to request Clinton say NO to ending the federal safety net for the most vulnerable in our society. Over 14.5 million poor women and children will be brought to the threshold of hunger by the time limits, block grants, child exclusions and exclusions of legal immigrants contained in the welfare "reform" plans being enacted by Congress.

This request is from **Interfaith Voices Against Hunger**, a project of the New York City Coalition Against Hunger and is a call by Jews, Christians, Muslims and other people of faith for government action to end hunger. The National Just Say VETO Campaign is coordinated by the Welfare Reform Network of New York (WRN), sponsored by the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies. For more information, contact Debra Pucci, WRN, at (212) 777-4800, ext. 357, (212) 533-8792 Fax. Or contact Deborah Cruz, Interfaith Voices Against Hunger, at (212) 227-8480, (212) 385-4330 Fax. Or contact CLOUT's own Judith Walker at (212) 227-8480, (212) 385-4330 Fax.

CLOUTreach is the quarterly* newsletter of
Christian Lesbians OUT Together
Editor: Diana Vezmar-Bailey

*NOTE: CLOUT is a movement, not an organization.
The opinions expressed in this newsletter are those
of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the
opinions of others.*

Summer/Autumn 1995, Volume 4, Number 3
Deadline for next issues: 15th of
January, April, July and October, 1996.

Any correspondence pertaining to CLOUT
&/or the newsletter, send to
PO Box 10062, Columbus, OH 43201
(Note new address!)

Thanks to Columbus folders, staplers, and stamp-
lickers Jackie, Joyce, Leslie, Linda, Mary and Trecia
who did their part to get
the Spring CLOUTreach in the mail.

*beginning in 1996

of years.

Negotiating with the Council in Rochester for the administrative side of the Coordinator's responsibilities began to feel like a Call.

Each of the gatherings has been so powerful for me spiritually. Each has been very unlike the others. The common thread was (& will continue to be) that being Christian and Lesbian and OUT is where we *started*. No apologies, no explanations, no wondering "What if they found out?", no energy poured into getting to a common starting place. And so the theology and tears & laughter & sheer joy of being part of the variety of God's wonderful creation permeated each Gathering. And we are also freed to tend to our racism with greater intentionality.

When the new Council was getting acquainted at Rochester, I surprised myself by introducing myself as a mystic. (Another closet door swings open.) There were even those who came out as timid during the Gathering! (Note song elsewhere in this issue.) I look forward to CLOUT's continuing to build on that foundation, to invite us each out of whatever *other* closets we're in--& empowering us to become all God/dess created us to be. And I rejoice that *you* will be with me on that journey.

CLOUT COUNCIL

Chair

Mitzi N. Eilts
14 Mill Pond Drive
Guilford, CT 06437
203-458-2676
eiltsm@ucc.org

Treasurer

Laurie Fox
438 S Occidental Blvd #4
Los Angeles, CA 90057-1514
213-385-1153

Program

La Paula Turner
2666 E. 56th Way Apt 8
Long Beach, CA 90805
310-529-5940

Regional Liaison

South Regional Contact

Lainey Rathgeber
4912 Sixth Ave S
Birmingham, AL 35222
205-591-2562

Fundraising

Kyle A. Cooper
115 Robinson Pkwy
Burlington, VT 05401
802-865-3250

International Gathering

Susan Leo
225 SE 80th Ave
Portland, OR 97215
503-256-6275

REGIONAL CONTACTS

Western Region

Judith A. Finlay
4161 Louisiana St #4
San Diego, CA 92104
619-296-7060
finlay@ix.netcom.com

Twin Cities, MN

Jeanne Schroeder
256 East Baker
St. Paul, MN 55107
612-222-5024

Midwest/Chicao Area

Kirsten Peachy
1544 West Highland #3R
Chicago, IL 60660
312-761-4868

New England

Cyndi Morse
11 A St. John's Road
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-522-1123

Mid-Atlantic

Debby Darrow
51 Shepard St
Rochester, NY 14620
716-442-7453

Rocky Mountain/Denver

Laurene Lafontaine
1260 York St #106
Denver, CO 80206
303-388-0628

Europe/UK

Dr. Grace Jantzen
28 Golders Garden
London NW119BT UK
081-458-1468

Canada

Dr. Joanne Carlson Brown
St. Andrews College
1121 College Drive
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
CANADA S7N 0W3
306-966-8970

NOTE NEW ADDRESS & PHONE:

CLOUTreach EDITOR /

ADMINISTRATIVE COORDINATOR

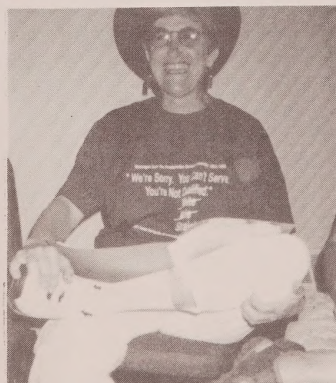
DIANA VEZMAR-BAILEY

PO BOX 10062, COLUMBUS, OH 43201

VOICE MAIL # 614-470-1246

E-MAIL: dvezmarb@freenet.columbus.oh.us

Though the auction income and pledges received at the Rochester Gathering helped our budget enormously, Laurie Fox, our new treasurer, cautions that we still need people to honor their commitments if we are to meet our 1995 expenses. Contact Laurie if you would like to receive a copy of the budget.

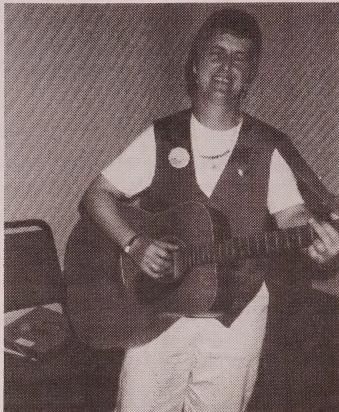


Janie Spahr, Auctioneer

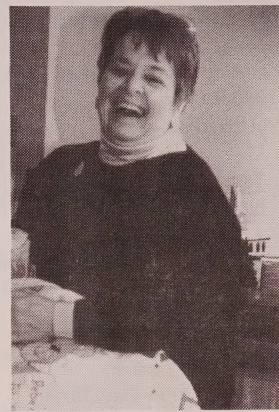
OUR GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION TO THOSE WHO HAVE FORGED A PATH FOR US. WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR ALL YOUR GOOD WORK, AND TRUST THAT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO SHARE YOUR GIFTS WITH US AS WE CONTINUE TO BE WOMEN WITH CLOUT!



Selisse Berry, retiring (er, ah. . .) outgoing National Coordinator, for all her incredible work, energy, & humor.



Melanie Morrison, former co-chair, for her steady presence and deep commitment.



Dee Miller, former treasurer, for her tending to endless details and yeoperson's work hosting the gathering at SUNY Brockport.



CLOUT
PO BOX 10062
COLUMBUS, OH 43201

SISTERS IN JERUSALEM '96
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ELVALTX

DAY 1: DEPARTURE

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19

Depart New York on overnight flight to Israel where you will be met and assisted through customs.

Via private bus, you and your luggage will be brought to your hotel in Jerusalem.

Daily on-site teaching plus additional sight-seeing, time permitting, when "Experiencing the Word in the Land".

YOUR PERSONAL FAITH STORY

You are invited to submit a synopsis or tape recording of your own faith story, to be shared with conference participants during one of the "tenting" evenings in Jerusalem.



Sisters in Jerusalem, '96
Women Ministering to the World
February 19-27, 1996

DAY 2: ARRIVAL

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

7:00pm: Gathering the Sisters

Keeping the Lamps Burning,
Learning to Tent (Exodus. 27:20 ff)

8:00pm: Kumzitz

Tenting: Meeting, Greeting, Middle Eastern
Supper (Acts 2:42-47)

DAY 3: JERUSALEM

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

9:00-10:30am: Martha and Mary: Friendship

Worship, Teaching, Drama (Proverbs 29:9)

11am-5pm: "Experiencing the Word in the Land"

Visit Bethany, Lazarus' Tomb, Inn of the Good
Samaritan

8:00 pm: Tenting: Friendship

DAY 4: JERUSALEM

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22

9-10:30am: Huldah

Delivering an Unpleasant Message

Worship, Teaching, Drama (Proverbs 1:5)

11am-5pm: "Experiencing the Word in the Land"

Visit Old City, Temple Mount, City of David
Display, Western Wall with Archeologist Dr.

Fran Alpert

8:00pm Hagar: Sisters in the Wilderness

Tenting

DAY 5: JERUSALEM

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23

9-10:30am: Faith: Mary, Mother of Jesus

Worship, Teaching, Drama (Hebrews 11:1)

11am-5pm: "Experiencing the Word in the Land"

Rachel's Tomb, Bethlehem, Shepherd's Field,
Field of Ruth and Boaz's, Qumran

7:00pm: Sarah: Many Faithful Mothers

Shabbat Dinner

DAY 6: JERUSALEM

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24

9-10:30am: Mary Magdalene: Discipleship

11am-5pm: Worship, Teaching, Drama
(Romans 12:1-2)

11am-5pm: "Experiencing the Word in the Land"

Visit Via Dolorosa, Garden Tomb, Garden of
Gethsemane, Church of the Holy Sepulchre,
House of Caiaphas

DAY 7: GALILEE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25

9-10:30am: Ecumenical Church Service

(Hebrews 10:25)

Water, Women and the Word

Praise for the Unnamed Women

11am-5pm: "Experiencing the Word in the Land"

Travel to Galilee, Visit Jordan River, Tabgha,
Capernaum, Church of Primacy, Mt. of
Beatitudes, Boat ride on the Sea of Galilee,
Agape Feast

Homily on the Unnamed Women

Evening: Meditation and reflection

DAY 8: GALILEE/JERUSALEM

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26

6:30am: Sunrise Service

Mount of Beatitudes

9-10:00am: Deborah: Leadership

Worship, Teaching, Drama (Isaiah 41:11)

11am-5pm: "Experiencing the Word in the Land"

Visit Mt. Tabor, Cana, Sephoris, Nazareth,
Caesarea Maritima

Return to Jerusalem

6:30pm: Farewell Dinner

Folding of the Tents (Isaiah 55:12)

8:30pm: Departure to airport

Overnight flight to the U.S.A.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26

Evening departure to airport for
overnight flight to U.S.A.

Tuesday, February 27

Early morning arrival U.S.A.

OR

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27

CONTINUING EDUCATION DAY

Deluxe: \$150.00 per person, 2 sharing

First Class: \$100.00 per person, 2 sharing

Provides: One night stay in Jerusalem,
Israeli buffet breakfast and table d'hote dinner.

Full Day (6 hours) teaching program.

Transfer to airport for return
overnight flight to U.S.A.

OR

POST CONFERENCE EXTENSION

A. Israel B. Jordan C. Egypt

General Conditions

CONFERENCE DEPOSITS AND FINAL PAYMENTS: These must be made directly to Sisters in Jerusalem, '96, either on an individual reservations basis or to an organizer who serves as the passenger's agent for the collection and remittance of payments. Nevertheless, conference operator shall only be responsible for good funds paid to and received by conference operators. A deposit of \$250.00 is required to book your space for the conference. Full and final payment must be received by December 31, 1995. Please note the schedule of discounts shown elsewhere in the brochure. By adhering to early deposit schedule and early final payment, clients will receive additional savings.

CANCELLATION CHARGES: There will be no cancellation charge imposed excepting an administrative fee of \$50.00 provided that cancellation is made no later than 60 days prior to departure date; 60 - 30 days prior, \$100.00 cancellation fee; 30 - 15 days prior, \$800.00 cancellation fee; less than 30 days prior, no refund.

REFUNDS: All claims for refunds must be made, in writing, prior to departure and must be sent, via certified mail, to conference secretariat at the Jerusalem '96 address.

INSURANCE: Both travel and luggage insurance is strongly recommended. Kindly check the insurance box on the reservation form for an application.

PASSPORTS/VISAS: A Valid U.S. Passport is required. If you do not already have a valid passport, please leave sufficient time to obtain one at your nearest Passport Office, Post Office, or U.S. District Court. It can take 2 to 4 weeks for your application to be processed and a passport sent to you. You will need two recently taken, duplicate 2"X 2" black and white photos, your birth certificate or other document providing your citizenship, plus the processing fee, when you make application for your passport. Your passport will be valid for ten years and must bear your signature.

Do not pack your passport in your luggage, but carry it with you at all times. Record your passport number in another safe place to keep with you, in the event of loss of your passport.

RESPONSIBILITY

Journeys Unlimited, Inc. and Kabak Associates, Inc., as Conference Operators, agree to arrange for the conference outlined in this brochure which represents the agreement between the passenger, agent, Conference Leader and Conference Operators. No changes or deviations are effective unless authorized by an officer. No other person is authorized to adjust, modify, cancel, or change this program or to make any representation or warranty concerning this conference. Except for willful negligence, Conference Operators assume no responsibility for injuries, damages, losses, accidents, delays, schedule changes, irregularity, or incidental damages resulting from circumstances beyond the control of Conference Operators or by any person or reason including, but not limited to, default or omission of any private or commercial carrier or third party providing services or facilities connected with this conference or any part thereof. Conference Operators assume no responsibility for acts or omission on the part of the Conference Leader. The airline or steamship lines are not to be held responsible for any act, omission or event during the time the passengers are not on board plane, ship or conveyance. The passenger contracts in use by the airline or steamship lines or other lines and passenger or purchaser of this conference and/or passage, when issued shall constitute the sole contract between the airline and/or steamship line and the purchaser and/or passenger and the Conference Operators assume no liability or any responsibility in connection therewith.

Price of Conference package is based on air and hotel rates and currency exchange rate effective 04/01/95. If any changes, price will change accordingly.

Please read the conference conditions carefully! Enrollment and payment for conference constitutes acceptance of these conditions.

Tour Conditions

ON-SITE VISITS:

Via private motorcoach, with Government licensed English-speaking Israeli guides, including all entrance fees.

TRANSFERS AND PORTERAGE OF LUGGAGE:

Transfer of one passenger and one suitcase, (total circumference not exceeding airline limitations of 62 inches), between overseas airports and hotels are included. Transfer of luggage between domestic airports and international airports in U.S.A. is not included.

SERVICES CHARGES, TIPS AND TAXES:

Conference package includes service charges and taxes imposed by overseas facilities. Not included: Airport taxes, visas and handling fees, excess luggage and forwarding of luggage charges, items of a purely personal nature such as laundry, lunch on tour, lunch and dinner beverages, airfares from hometown to/from the international airport, tips for personal favors, travel/luggage insurance, costs resulting from absence or deviation from the itinerary and any items not shown herein as being included. Gratuities to guides and drivers are not included.

DOMESTIC FLIGHTS:

With sufficient advance notice, we will reserve the lowest cost ticket from Hometown to the International airport and vice versa. Please request domestic reservations when completing the Registration/Reservation Form.

AIR TRANSPORTATION:

IATA jet economy class New York to New York applicable on all IATA and ARC carriers based on NON-REFUNDABLE/APEX fares as applicable for groups flying together for entire itinerary. The Conference Operators reserve the right to cancel, withdraw or change the program in whole or in part at any time, in the event of a change deemed necessary by them. The sole and exclusive obligation of the Conference Operators is to refund prorated any payment received in connection therewith.

VISAS:

For Jordan and Egypt, these will be obtained through the Conference Operator. If you are NOT a citizen of the United States, please consult your national consulate for special instructions to secure any visas necessary for the countries you plan to visit.

Registration & Reservation Form

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Name: _____

Address: _____ Apt: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Home Phone: () _____ Work Phone: () _____

Denomination: _____

Church: _____

Pastor: _____ Phone: () _____

Referred By: _____ Phone: () _____

Accommodations:

☐ \$1,999.00 Deluxe ☐ \$1,798.00 First Class ☐ Single

I will be rooming with: _____

Post-Conference Extensions:

☐ Israel ☐ Egypt ☐ Jordan ☐ Continuing Education Day

☐ I need airline reservations from _____ (city)

☐ Send insurance application

Enclosed please find my \$250.00 deposit ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Deposits must be paid by check or money order; balance may be charged.

Please make checks or money orders payable to Sisters in Jerusalem, '96

**and mail with Reservation Form to: SISTERS IN JERUSALEM '96
2632 Peachtree Rd. N.W., A-304
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If paying by credit card, prices per person, sharing are:

Deluxe: \$2,059.00 First Class: \$1,849.00

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Signature of card holder: _____

- Telephone inquiries (if traveling on your own): (800) 319-7776
- If interested in organizing a group (5 or more): (800) 486-8359
- For information on program, faith stories, non-travel related queries, please call Conference Secretariat, (404) 233-5370

Organizing Committee



Lynne Bundesen, Author
The Women's Guide to the Bible
New York: Crossroad Publishing
Company, 1993
Consultant on Religion: Microsoft,
Prodigy
New York, NY



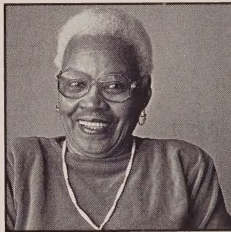
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Director
Ministry to Catholics of African
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Rockville Centre, NY



The Rev. Sara Covin Juengst, D.D.
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Alvera Mickelsen, Author
Understanding Scriptures
Peabody: Hendrickson Publishers,
1993
St. Paul, MN



The Rev. Lillian Frier Webb
International President
Commission of Women in Ministry
African Methodist Episcopal Church
Pastor, Mt. Olive A.M.E. Church
Port Washington, NY



Susan J. Shaw, Ph.D.,
Vice President,
Division of Women's Studies
Trinity College and Seminary
Newburgh, IN



The Rev. Penny J. Zettler, Pastor
Friendship Church
Prior Lake, MN
Preaching Faculty Associate
Bethel Theological Seminary
St. Paul, MN

Conference Program

INCLUDES:

- Round-trip air transportation
- Meeting and assistance upon arrival
- Transfers via private motorcoach to hotels in Jerusalem, including transfer of luggage
- Six nights in category selected, based on two people sharing room
- Israeli buffet breakfast daily, six table d'hôte dinners, including Middle Eastern buffet supper, Sabbath dinner and Farewell dinner.
- Six days on-site visits and lectures, per itinerary
- Boat ride on the Sea of Galilee, including Agape Feast, Sunrise Service at the Mount of Beatitudes and presentations by noted archeologists and Biblical scholars.

ACCOMMODATIONS:

DELUXE CATEGORY: HOLIDAY INN CROWN PLAZA, JERUSALEM: \$1,997.00 per person, 2 sharing

FIRST CLASS: SONESTA HOTEL, JERUSALEM: \$1,798.00 per person, 2 sharing

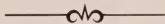
SINGLE ROOM : Kindly request on Registration Form. Additional charge of \$50.00 per night for Deluxe; \$30.00 per night for First Class. (Hotels reserve single rooms on a first come, first served basis so reservations and deposits should be made at your earliest opportunity.)

LAND PORTION ONLY: Deluxe: \$1,399.00 pp, 2 sharing First Class: \$1,198.00 pp, 2 sharing

REGISTRATION FEE: All participants will be required to register in order to obtain conference materials, Identification Badge and entrance to all events. Conference Registration Fee: \$100.00

SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM: Available upon request and fulfilling qualifications. Please call Conference Secretariat at 404-233-5370 for information.

DISCOUNTS: A deposit of \$250.00 received by **June 15, 1995**, will entitle the participant to a \$75.00 discount in the selected accommodations. A deposit of \$250.00 received by **August 15, 1995**, will entitle the participant to a \$50.00 discount in the selected accommodations. Full and final payment, received (3) months or more prior to departure, will entitle participant to gratis airport taxes and handling fees, a savings of approximately \$59.00.



CONTINUING EDUCATION PROGRAM: TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27

A.M. TOPIC: WHAT WOMEN CAN DO, AS TAKEN FROM BIBLE HISTORY

P.M. TOPIC: WHAT WOMEN CAN DO IN CONTEMPORARY LIFE

Presenter: Susan J. Shaw, Vice President

Division of Women's Studies, Trinity College and Seminary

Three CEU's can be earned by attending 6 hours of classes on Tuesday, February 27, plus participating in the seven day Sisters in Jerusalem, '96 program. To convert CEU's to credit hours from Trinity College and Seminary, additional course material will be required.

Registration Fee: \$25.00

Abi, Abiah, Abigail, Abihail, Abijah, Abishag, Abital, Achsah, Adah, Agar, Ahinoam, Ahlai, Aholah, Aholibah, Aholibamah, Anah, Anna, Apphia, Asenath, Atatah, Athaliah, Azubah, Baara, Bashemath, Bath-sheba, Bath-Shua, Bernice, Bilhah, Bithiah, Candace, Chloe, Claudia, Cozbi, Damaris, Deborah, Delilah, Dinah, Dorcas, Drusilla, Eglah, Elisabeth, Ephah, Ephratah, Esther, Euice, Euodias, Eve, Gamer, Hadassah, Hagar, Haggith, Hammoleketh, Hamutal, Hannah, Hazeleponi, Helah, Heph-zibah, Hodiah, Hoggah, Huldah, Hushim, Iscah, Jael, Jecholiah, Jedidah, Jehoaddan, Jehosheba, Jehudijah, Jemima, Jerioth, Jerusha, Jezebel, Joanna, Jochebed, Judah, Judith, Jukiam, Keren-Happuch, Keturah, Kezia, Leah, Lois, Lo-ruhamah, Lydia, Maacah, Maachah, Mahalath, Mahalah, Mahalath, Mahlah, Mahlah, Mara, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Matred, Mehetabel, Merab, Meshullemeth, Michaiiah, Michal, Milcah, Miriam, Naamah, Maarah, Naomi, Nehushta, Noadiah, Noah, Oholibamah, Orpah, Penimah, Persis, Phanuel, Phebe, Prisca, Priscilla, Puah, Rachel, Rahab, Rachab, Rebecca, Rebekah, Reumah, Rhoda, Rizpah, Ruth, Salome, Sapphira, Sarah, Sarai, Serah, Shelomith, Sherah, Shimeath, Shimrith, Shiphras, Shomer, Shua, Susanna, Syntyche, Tabitha, Tahpenes, Tamar, Taphath, Tamar, Timma, Tirzah, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Vashti, Zebudah, Zeres, Zeruah, Zeruiah, Zibiah, Zillah, Zilpah, Zipporah, Abi, Abiah, Abigail, Abihail, Abijah, Abishag, Abital, Achsah, Adah, Agar, Ahinoam, Ahlai, Aholah, Aholibah, Aholibamah, Anah, Anna, Apphia, Asenath, Atatah, Athaliah, Azubah, Baara, Bashemath, Bath-sheba, Bath-Shua, Bernice, Bilhah, Bithiah, Candace, Chloe, Claudia, Cozbi, Damaris, Deborah, Delilah, Dinah, Dorcas, Drusilla, Eglah, Elisabeth, Ephah, Ephratah, Esther, Euice, Euodias, Eve, Gamer, Hadassah, Hagar, Haggith, Hammoleketh, Hamutal, Hannah, Hazeleponi, Helah, Heph-zibah, Hodiah, Hoggah, Huldah, Hushim, Iscah, Jael, Jecholiah, Jedidah, Jehoaddan, Jehosheba, Jehudijah, Jemima, Jerioth, Jerusha, Jezebel, Joanna, Jochebed, Judah, Judith, Jukiam, Keren-Happuch, Keturah, Kezia, Leah, Lois, Lo-ruhamah, Lydia, Maacah, Maachah, Mahalath, Mahalah, Mahalath, Mahlah, Mahlah, Mara, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Matred, Mehetabel, Merab, Meshullemeth, Michaiiah, Michal, Milcah, Miriam, Naamah, Maarah, Naomi, Nehushta, Noadiah, Noah, Oholibamah, Orpah, Penimah, Persis, Phanuel, Phebe, Prisca, Priscilla, Puah, Rachel, Rahab, Rachab, Rebecca, Rebekah, Reumah, Rhoda, Rizpah, Ruth, Salome, Sapphira, Sarah, Sarai, Serah, Shelomith, Sherah, Shimeath, Shimrith, Shiphras, Shomer, Shua, Susanna, Syntyche, Tabitha,

Happuch, Keturah, Kezia, Leah, Lois, Lo-ruhamah, Lydia, Maacah, Maachah, Mahalath, Mahalah, Mahalath, Mahlah, Mahlah, Mara, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Matred, Mehetabel, Merab, Meshullemeth, Michaiiah, Michal, Milcah, Miriam, Naamah, Maarah, Naomi, Nehushta, Noadiah, Noah, Oholibamah, Orpah, Penimah, Persis, Phanuel, Phebe, Prisca, Priscilla, Puah, Rachel, Rahab, Rachab, Rebecca, Rebekah, Reumah, Rhoda, Rizpah, Ruth, Salome, Sapphira, Sarah, Sarai, Serah, Shelomith, Sherah, Shimeath, Shimrith, Shiphras, Shomer, Shua, Susanna, Syntyche, Tabitha, Tahpenes, Tamar, Taphath, Tamar, Timma, Tirzah, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Vashti, Zebudah, Zeres, Zeruah, Zeruiah, Zibiah, Zillah, Zilpah, Zipporah, Abi, Abiah, Abigail, Abihail, Abijah, Abishag, Abital, Achsah, Adah, Agar, Ahinoam, Ahlai, Aholah, Aholibah, Aholibamah, Anah, Anna, Apphia, Asenath, Atatah, Athaliah, Azubah, Baara, Bashemath, Bath-sheba, Bath-Shua, Bernice, Bilhah, Bithiah, Candace, Chloe, Claudia, Cozbi, Damaris, Deborah, Delilah, Dinah, Dorcas, Drusilla, Eglah, Elisabeth, Ephah, Ephratah, Esther, Euice, Euodias, Eve, Gamer, Hadassah, Hagar, Haggith, Hammoleketh, Hamutal, Hannah, Hazeleponi, Helah, Heph-zibah, Hodiah, Hoggah, Huldah, Hushim, Iscah, Jael, Jecholiah, Jedidah, Jehoaddan, Jehosheba, Jehudijah, Jemima, Jerioth, Jerusha, Jezebel, Joanna, Jochebed, Judah, Judith, Jukiam, Keren-Happuch, Keturah, Kezia, Leah, Lois, Lo-ruhamah, Lydia, Maacah, Maachah, Mahalath, Mahalah, Mahalath, Mahlah, Mahlah, Mara, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Matred, Mehetabel, Merab, Meshullemeth, Michaiiah, Michal, Milcah, Miriam, Naamah, Maarah, Naomi, Nehushta, Noadiah, Noah, Oholibamah, Orpah, Penimah, Persis, Phanuel, Phebe, Prisca, Priscilla, Puah, Rachel, Rahab, Rachab, Rebecca, Rebekah, Reumah, Rhoda, Rizpah, Ruth, Salome, Sapphira, Sarah, Sarai, Serah, Shelomith, Sherah, Shimeath, Shimrith, Shiphras, Shomer, Shua, Susanna, Syntyche, Tabitha, Tahpenes, Tamar, Taphath, Tamar, Timma, Tirzah, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Vashti, Zebudah, Zeres, Zeruah, Zeruiah, Zibiah, Zillah, Zilpah, Zipporah,

Women Ministering
to the World

Abi, Abiah, Abigail, Abihail, Abijah, Abishag, Abital, Achsah, Adah, Agar, Ahinoam, Ahlai, Aholah, Aholibah, Aholibamah, Anah, Anna, Apphia, Asenath, Atatah, Athaliah, Azubah, Baara, Bashemath, Bath-sheba, Bath-Shua, Bernice, Bilhah, Bithiah, Candace, Chloe, Claudia, Cozbi, Damaris, Deborah, Delilah, Dinah, Dorcas, Drusilla, Eglah, Elisabeth, Ephah, Ephratah, Esther, Euice, Euodias, Eve, Gamer, Hadassah, Hagar, Haggith, Hammoleketh, Hamutal, Hannah, Hazeleponi, Helah, Heph-zibah, Hodiah, Hoggah, Huldah, Hushim, Iscah, Jael, Jecholiah, Jedidah, Jehoaddan, Jehosheba, Jehudijah, Jemima, Jerioth, Jerusha, Jezebel, Joanna, Jochebed, Judah, Judith, Jukiam, Keren-Happuch, Keturah, Kezia, Leah, Lois, Lo-ruhamah, Lydia, Maacah, Maachah, Mahalath, Mahalah, Mahalath, Mahlah, Mahlah, Mara, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Matred, Mehetabel, Merab, Meshullemeth, Michaiiah, Michal, Milcah, Miriam, Naamah, Maarah, Naomi, Nehushta, Noadiah, Noah, Oholibamah, Orpah, Penimah, Persis, Phanuel, Phebe, Prisca, Priscilla, Puah, Rachel, Rahab, Rachab, Rebecca, Rebekah, Reumah, Rhoda, Rizpah, Ruth, Salome, Sapphira, Sarah, Sarai, Serah, Shelomith, Sherah, Shimeath, Shimrith, Shiphras, Shomer, Shua, Susanna, Syntyche, Tabitha, Tahpenes, Tamar, Taphath, Tamar, Timma, Tirzah, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Vashti, Zebudah, Zeres, Zeruah, Zeruiah, Zibiah, Zillah, Zilpah, Zipporah, Abi, Abiah, Abigail, Abihail, Abijah, Abishag, Abital, Achsah, Adah, Agar, Ahinoam, Ahlai, Aholah, Aholibah, Aholibamah, Anah, Anna, Apphia, Asenath, Atatah, Athaliah, Azubah, Baara, Bashemath, Bath-sheba, Bath-Shua, Bernice, Bilhah, Bithiah, Candace, Chloe, Claudia, Cozbi, Damaris, Deborah, Delilah, Dinah, Dorcas, Drusilla, Eglah, Elisabeth, Ephah, Ephratah, Esther, Euice, Euodias, Eve, Gamer, Hadassah, Hagar, Haggith, Hammoleketh, Hamutal, Hannah, Hazeleponi, Helah, Heph-zibah, Hodiah, Hoggah, Huldah, Hushim, Iscah, Jael, Jecholiah, Jedidah, Jehoaddan, Jehosheba, Jehudijah, Jemima, Jerioth, Jerusha, Jezebel, Joanna, Jochebed, Judah, Judith, Jukiam, Keren-Happuch, Keturah, Kezia, Leah, Lois, Lo-ruhamah, Lydia, Maacah, Maachah, Mahalath, Mahalah, Mahalath, Mahlah, Mahlah, Mara, Martha, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary, Matred, Mehetabel, Merab, Meshullemeth, Michaiiah, Michal, Milcah, Miriam, Naamah, Maarah, Naomi, Nehushta, Noadiah, Noah, Oholibamah, Orpah, Penimah, Persis, Phanuel, Phebe, Prisca, Priscilla, Puah, Rachel, Rahab, Rachab, Rebecca, Rebekah, Reumah, Rhoda, Rizpah, Ruth, Salome, Sapphira, Sarah, Sarai, Serah, Shelomith, Sherah, Shimeath, Shimrith, Shiphras, Shomer, Shua, Susanna, Syntyche, Tabitha,

February 19-27, 1996

Enter our tent of gathering and be welcomed as we embark on a journey through time, to early biblical days.

Join us in Jerusalem, where you and other sisters, attuned in mind and spirit, will personally experience the land and culture which shaped the lives of women of the Bible.

Gain a new and deepened understanding of the impact of the lives of the female disciples of Jesus and how it relates to each of us today, as we minister to congregations, family and friends.

Join us in prayer...in worship... in studying Scriptures...as we renew our spiritual commitment in ancient holy places.

Each evening, select a "tent" to visit, to celebrate the Word through drama, music, art, humor or shared personal faith stories.

This, plus many unusual features designed by women for women will make this conference an unforgettable one to all who participate.

Post-Conference Extensions

PROGRAM A - ISRAEL ONLY:

Provides 2 nights Deluxe or First class hotel room, with private bath, bed and Israeli buffet breakfast basis, double occupancy, including hotel service charges and taxes. Services of Tour Desk for assistance in purchasing additional sightseeing. Transfer to Ben Gurion Airport on departure day

Two Sharing: Deluxe Category: \$300.00 per person, First Class : \$200.00 per person
Single Room Supplements: Deluxe: \$50.00 per night, First Class: \$30.00 per night

PROGRAM B - JORDAN \$398.00 PER PERSON, TWO SHARING

DAY 1: JERUSALEM, JERASH, AMMAN

Morning departure over the Allenby Bridge. After crossing the bridge, drive past King Hussein's Sport City to Jerash, known both as the Pompeii of the East and the City of 1,000 Pillars. Visit the triple arched gate, high hippodrome, the theater and the only Roman Forum surrounded by sixty-three Ionic Columns. Return to Amman for dinner and overnight.

DAY 2: MADABA, MOUNT NEBO, PETRA, AMMAN

Morning departure to Madaba, 30 kilometers south of Amman where you will see some of the finest Byzantine mosaics in the world. Nearby is historic Mount Nebo with a remarkable view of the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea and the spires of Jerusalem in the distance.

Continue for a visit to the long lost city of Petra. This entire city, with its rose-colored temples and amphitheaters, is carved out of the multi-hued rocks surrounding the hidden valley. This city was lost to the rest of the world until approximately 100 years ago. St. Paul had studied here for three years and Herod the Great came from this city. Return to Amman for dinner and overnight.

DAY 3: AMMAN, TEL AVIV, DEPARTURE TO U.S.A.

Farewell to Jordan as we recross the bridge to Israel and continue our sightseeing which includes the Habimah National Theater, the Museum of Modern Art and Tel Aviv University. Visit Old Jappa, including the Flea Market and the Artists' Colony. Drive along the coastal road to the new city of Ashdod and proceed to Ashkelon to visit the National Park and its antiquities. Continue to Kibbutz Yad Mordechai to see the reconstruction of the battle of 1948. Transfer to the Tel Aviv airport for overnight departure, arriving U.S.A. the next morning.

PROGRAM C - EGYPT \$498.00 PER PERSON, TWO SHARING, INCLUDING AIRFARES

DAY 1: Today we have leisure time in Cairo to pursue personal interests, to relax, or to browse around the exotic city...or, take either of the following optional day tours...

A) Memphis/Sakkara OR B) Cairo/Luxor

DAY 2: THIS DAY INCLUDES THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF GIZA AND THE SPHINX.

We will visit the fantastic Egyptian Museum containing the treasures of King Tut, the Citadel and the Mohammed Ali Mosque, offering a beautiful view of Cairo and the Nile. Visit some exciting bazaars where you can bargain for memorable treasures. Return to Cairo for dinner. Transfer to the Cairo airport for return trip to U.S.A., arriving the next morning.

From the Desk
Of
Bill Richardson



I'd
rather be
fishing!

8-29-94

Rev. Marge,

I have attended
this meeting in the
past, + it's very
worthwhile. This year,
however, I have a
conflict, + thought
you, or some of the
other women at CMCC,
would like to know
about it.

Fondest regards,
Nell Richardson

PUBLICATIONS

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Who Benefits, Who Decides? An Agenda for Improving Philanthropy: The Case for Women and Girls

A report of the Council's Funding Women Project, with recommendations for funding strategies and further research.

Sexual Harassment: Research and Resources, 3d Edition

A summary of academic research, legal definitions, and practical information about sexual harassment. Updated October 1994.

A Directory of Women's Media, 17th Edition

Media resources by, for, and about women. Updated November 1994.

The Common Catalog

The premier edition of a multi-indexed directory of NCRW Member Centers.

Who's Where and Doing What

The premier edition of a multi-indexed directory of Council Affiliates and Member Center researchers and staff.

Issues Quarterly

The first publication to cull and synthesize current research, policy, and activism on issues affecting women and girls.

Women of Color and the Multicultural Curriculum: Transforming the College Classroom

An overview of 13 curriculum-transformation projects on mainstreaming minority women's studies.

DIRECTORY SERIES

Putting Feminist Resources at Your Fingertips

The Common Catalog

The premier edition of the Council's multi-indexed directory of Member Centers and Member Center projects and selected publications. Edited by Susan A. Hallgarth.

158 pages ~ Price: \$10
ISBN 1-880547-14-7

Who's Where and Doing What

The premier edition of the annual directory of Council Affiliates and Member Center researchers and staff. This multi-indexed directory highlights areas of expertise and provides current contact information. Edited by Susan A. Hallgarth.

70 pages ~ Price: \$10 (free to Council Affiliates) ~ ISBN 1-880547-15-5

International Centers for Research on Women, 1994

A list of 254 research and documentation centers in 72 countries. Includes the Council's 75 US Member Centers. Updated regularly. Compiled by Mariam K. Chamberlain.

39 pages ~ Price: \$12
ISBN 1-880547-19-8

Opportunities for Research and Study, 1994-1995

A descriptive list of the fellowships, affiliated scholar programs, grants, and internships sponsored by Council Member Centers. Includes sources of information on financial aid. A resource for graduate students, academic advisors, scholars, independent researchers, women's centers, and research institutes.

27 pages ~ Price: \$10
ISBN 1-880547-18-X

A Directory of Women's Media, 17th Edition

Brief descriptions of over 1600 print and electronic media, publishers, bookstores, libraries, distributors, and other media resources by, for, and about women. Edited by Susan A. Hallgarth.

205 pages ~ Price: \$30
ISBN 1-880547-17-1

A Women's Mailing List Directory

Descriptions of mailing lists maintained by 124 US women's research centers and caucuses; feminist periodicals, publishers, and bookstores; and women's policy and activist organizations, programs, centers, and networks. Includes information on selling and exchanging lists, available formats, and methods of compiling and maintaining lists.

160 pages ~ Price: \$15; Sale price: \$10
ISBN 1-880547-03-1

A Directory of Work-in-Progress and Recent Publications

Indexed abstracts of over 1000 research projects, books, articles, and programs underway or recently completed. Citations list over \$28 million in grants and fellowships. Edited by Susan A. Hallgarth and Tina Kraskow.

439 pages ~ Price: \$34; Sale price: \$20
ISBN 1-880547-10-6

Keeping You on the Cutting Edge

Issues Quarterly (IQ)

A resource for linking research, policy, and action affecting women and girls. The quarterly publication synthesizes resources into clear, accessible language. Formats encourage exchange across professions and areas of expertise. Each quarterly focuses on a specific topic of relevance to women and girls. A regular feature, Perspectives, traces the core theme with brief interviews of key researchers, policy specialists, and practitioners. Other sections include Key Tips and Findings, Policy in Action, Money Exchange, Working Trends, a Girls Report, and a Bookshelf.

Quarterly ~ ISSN 1072-1762

Women's Research Network News (WRNN)

The Council's quarterly newsletter. Regular departments include News from the Council; News from Member Centers; News from Caucuses and Networks; News from International Centers; News from Washington; Upcoming Events; Positions Available; Opportunities for Research; Calls for Papers; Selected Publications and Resources; as well as other news of interest to the women's research, action, policy, and funding communities.

Quarterly ~ ISSN 1072-1770

Quarterly Publications/ Council Affiliation

Annual subscription price of IQ or WRNN: \$35 individual (\$100 institution includes both IQ and WRNN).

Annual subscription price of both IQ and WRNN: \$60 individual, \$100 institution.

All IQ and WRNN subscribers are enrolled as Council Affiliates and receive 20 percent discounts on Council publications, as well as a listing in and free copy of *Who's Where and Doing What*, the multi-indexed directory of Council Affiliates and Member Center researchers and staff.

RESEARCH RESOURCES

Tools for Transforming Knowledge in Academe and Beyond

Women of Color and the Multicultural Curriculum: Transforming the College Classroom

An overview of 13 curriculum-transformation projects funded by the Ford Foundation on mainstreaming minority women's studies. Part one focuses on faculty development with essays about and syllabi from the Ford Ethnic Women's Curriculum Transformation Project at UCLA and a faculty curriculum-transformation seminar series at George Washington University. Part two contains 37 undergraduate syllabi for multicultural courses in sociology, American history, and literature with essays by professors describing their use of new texts in their classrooms. Part three presents an interdisciplinary guide to teaching about Puerto Rican women. Edited by Liza Fiol-Matta and Mariam K. Chamberlain.

The Feminist Press, 1994 ~ 400 pages

Hardcover: \$35 (available from *The Feminist Press*, (212) 360-5790)

ISBN 1-55861-082-0

Paperback: \$22

ISBN 1-55861-083-9

Women in Academe: Progress and Prospects

A four-year study by a task force of 15 leading scholars and educators examining women's progress in higher education over the last two decades. The book traces the increasing presence of minority and re-entry women students and the movement of women into nontraditional careers; the growth and institutionalization of women's studies programs, campus women's centers, and research institutes; the role of women's colleges; and the effects of legislation prohibiting sex discrimination in education. Edited by Mariam K. Chamberlain.

Russell Sage Foundation, 1989 ~ 415 pages

Hardcover: \$29.95 (available from the *Russell Sage Foundation*, (212) 750-6037)

ISBN 0-87154-204-8

Paperback: \$18

ISBN 0-87154-218-8

A Women's Thesaurus: An Index of Language Used to Describe and Locate Information By and About Women

A language list for writing, indexing, filing, cataloging, and searching databases. Over 5000 terms that describe research, programs, and policies affecting women's lives in 11 subject groups, including economics and employment; education; history and social change; international issues; law, government, and public policy; science and technology; and social science and culture. Cited by *Library Journal* as one of the 15 best reference books in 1987. Edited by Mary Ellen S. Capek.

Harper & Row, 1987 ~ 1052 pages

Hardcover: list price \$37.50, special offer \$24
ISBN 0-06-015775-5

Paperback: list price \$16.95, special offer \$15
ISBN 0-06-091552-8

Tracking the Debates on Key Issues in Women's Research

Who Benefits, Who Decides? An Agenda for Improving Philanthropy: The Case for Women and Girls

NEW

A report of NCRW's Funding Women Project, a collaboration of funders, donors, researchers, heads of women's organizations, and other professional fundraisers supported by a grant from the Lilly Endowment. The report documents what is known about funding for women and girls—or the lack of it—and explores concerns about "special interest" funding in the context of effective philanthropy and strategies for evaluating grantmaking. Topics include perceptions of social change; discussion of the roles of research in philanthropy; issues affecting the institutionalization of women's organizations; models of successful funding; strategies for "de-legitimizing" the backlash against women; and suggestions for expanding potential sources of support. Appendices include research recommendations and questions for further analysis, other recommendations for action, and an annotated bibliography and resource list. Edited by Mary Ellen S. Capek and Susan A. Hallgarth with Rikki Abzug.

31 pages ~ Price: \$12
ISBN 1-880547-16-3

Sexual Harassment: Research and Resources, 3d Edition

NEW

The expanded report of NCRW's Sexual Harassment Information Project builds on the first edition published immediately following the Senate Judiciary Hearings on Clarence Thomas in October 1991 and updated a year later. This edition summarizes the wealth of research and resources on sexual harassment, including current legal and scholarly definitions of sexual harassment, the extent of the problem, typical behavior of the harassed, myths about the harassers, antiharassment policy and procedures, and efforts needed to bring about significant change. Written by Marina Budhos,

based on the first and second editions written by Deborah L. Siegel. Edited by Mary Ellen S. Capek.

80 pages ~ Price: \$12
ISBN 1-880547-20-1

To Reclaim A Legacy of Diversity: Analyzing the "Political Correctness" Debates in Higher Education

A publication of NCRW's Reclaiming Diversity in the Curriculum Project, the report documents the facts and the media distortions that have shaped nearly a decade of campus debates on affirmative action, multicultural and feminist curriculum reform, and programs to diversify college campuses. Topics include media coverage of political correctness, conservative activism in higher education, liberal responses to the backlash, funding patterns, and campus violence/campus climate issues. Includes bibliography and resource lists. Written by Debra L. Schultz. Edited by Susan A. Hallgarth.

72 pages ~ Price: \$12
ISBN 1-880547-13-9

Transforming the Knowledge Base

A lively panel discussion from the first meeting of the National Network of Women's Caucuses that synthesizes several key issues in feminist theory (essentialism versus social construction, equality versus difference, and the relation of postmodernism to these debates). Panelists Dorothy O. Helly, chair (history), Elizabeth Kamarck Minnich (philosophy), Sandra Coyner (women's studies), Leslie Hill-Davidson (political science), and Betty Schmitz (curriculum integration) discuss the impact of these debates on the disciplines, curricula, and educational institutions.

21 pages ~ \$5
ISBN 1-880547-04-X

Mainstreaming Minority Women's Studies

An overview of the Council's Ford Foundation-sponsored mainstreaming projects at 13 Council Member Centers and Affiliates, with introductory essays by NCRW Project Director Mariam K. Chamberlain and Project Coordinator Liza Fiol-Matta. Curriculum Transformation Project Directors describe a variety of approaches that include involving minority scholars and racial-ethnic studies programs in planning and teaching transformed curricula. New theoretical understandings of diversity, innovative pedagogy, and alternative approaches to learning inform this work.

30 pages ~ \$6
ISBN 1-880547-02-3

A Declining Federal Commitment to Research About Women, 1980-1984

A compilation of post-1980 data documenting a precipitous reduction in federal money spent on research for women and the trend toward subsuming research on women into other areas. Prepared by Mary Rubin, under the general direction of the Council's Commission on New Funding Priorities.

47 pages ~ \$5
ISBN 1-880547-05-8

FORTHCOMING IN 95

Girls Report

A look at recent studies about, programs for, and policies pertaining to adolescent girls. The report tracks the major debates around girls and self-esteem, single-sex schooling, and the intersection between multiculturalism and gender in K-12. Topics of discussion include media by, for, and about girls; girls and feminism; teen-on-teen sexual harassment; teenage mothers; girls of color; lesbian teens; and immigrant girls.

More About The National Council

The National Council for Research on Women is a coalition of 75 centers and organizations that support and conduct feminist research, policy analysis, and educational programs. Formed in 1981, NCRW serves as a working alliance to bridge traditional distinctions among scholarship, policy, and action. Through its Member Centers, Affiliates, and projects, the Council links over 10,000 scholars and practitioners in the United States and abroad, serving the academic community, public policymakers, the media, and the nonprofit sector.

Become A Council Affiliate And Receive...

~ Subscriptions to key news resources:

- **Issues Quarterly:** concise, readable analyses of current research, policy, and action agendas, including news bulletins, legislative updates, and profiles of successful social change strategies.

- **Women's Research Network News:** current news about women's research organizations and networks, notices of conferences, fellowships, job opportunities, and new publications, and news from international centers.

~ A listing in and free copy of *Who's Where and Doing What*, indexed geographically and by areas of expertise linking Council Affiliates in an international network of women's researchers, activists, and policymakers.

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